THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1935

'REST UNTO YOUR SOULS'[1]

BY MISS ELEANOR MCDOUGALL, M.A., D. Litt.

St. Matthew xi. 29 : ' Take my yoke upon you and learn of me : for I am meek and lowly of heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls '.

These words were spoken by our Lord to those whom He calls the weary and heavy-laden. We do not know what the occasion was. Perhaps they form a separate saying, a logion, often repeated as He went about doing good and met many who could be described as weary and heavy-laden. Perhaps the words were spoken as in the context supplied by St. Matthew's Gospel, and follow the most majestic declaration of His unity with God the Father that we find in the Synoptics. This would give a special point to His description of Himself as 'meek and lowly of heart'. But in any case the words are spoken to us, for there can be no one in these days who does not bear a burden of some sort.

The words are very strange. The heavy-laden are invited to take a yoke upon them. Those who labour are called to the toilsome task of learning. The teacher is described not as one having authority and impressing his pupils by his prestige, but as one who is meek and lowly of heart. The purpose and result of this taking the yoke and learning the lesson is rest.

There is a very deep meaning in the words which could not at the time when they were spoken have been understood by the listeners. The burden of sin which could be removed by the sacrifice of the meek and lowly victim, the approach to God which could be open only through Him, the bearing of the sin of the world by the Lamb of God—all these thoughts lie deep in the words, not to be comprehended at that stage. The tragedy of Calvary had not yet shewn the depths and heights of the sin of men and the love of God. But let us take one meaning of many, the simple and obvious teaching that learning how to be meek and lowly brings rest to the soul, and that the way to lighten a burden is to bear a yoke.

If we look our own experience and also around us at the lives of others we find that there is a great deal of misery in the world and that it falls into two main divisions: that which comes upon us from without and that which arises within us. There are the great tragedies, such as bereavement and disabling illness, and there are such sorrows as exile, the disappointment of beloved hopes, and heavy anxiety about our nation or public wrongdoing. These fall on

[1] A Sermon preached in College Church, 8th September, 1935.

us from the external world which we cannot control. But the other kind of misery arises from within, and springs from envy, bitterness, jealousy, malice, and, above all, from wounded vanity.

If we look carefully we see these latter ills are far more productive of misery than the former. The great disasters of life are terrible and disabling when they first fall on us, but there is something ennobling in them. They are felt to be 'the act of God'—His direct dealing with us. In time when the first shock of anguish has died away, a sorrow of this sort becomes *a part of the* best of one's life, a solemn and dignifying thing, something which links us with the Eternal God, something which we do not desire to forget or ignore. Readers of Dickens will remember his story of 'The Haunted Man', one who sought to rid himself of the memory of a great anguish of earlier years and when he had done so, found that he had parted with the nobler part of his character. Such griefs become in time a grave and quiet kind of joy.

But those other sorrows cause a continuous torture which does not transform itself into anything noble, a suffering which like a corroding poison eats into the soul and consumes the spiritual substance. This is what St. Paul calls 'the sorrow of the world which worketh death'. It is fatal to all peace and rest. It produces much of the aching misery of life and it leads to domestic tragedies of the most hopeless and distressing kind. There is no more fertile source of unhappiness than wounded vanity.

Wounded Vanity. Mrs. Browning has shrewdly remarked that this is a far more frequent cause of suicide than any of the recognised great disasters of life. The impatient despair which leads a man to cry 'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world' does not as a rule spring from deep grief, but from the sense of failure, from humiliation, from 'the grinding torment' of jealousy, from the necessity of taking a lower place, the sting of being refused some honour to which we felt ourselves entitled, the dread of some secret coming to light which will lessen our reputation, the chilling fear of the loss of importance. All these torturing feelings spring from wounded vanity. We *form too high* an estimate of our qualities or achievements, we brood on it till it becomes very dear to us; others do not accept this estimate and we are stung to the heart. Usually we feel that some one else is eclipsing us, and in addition to the pangs of wounded vanity, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness become the habit of the soul and fret and torture us. It is a torture indeed. 'Anger,' as Sir James Barrie says, 'is a knife that we hold by the blade'; even if it is a deserved and disinterested anger it hurts the angry man far more than the object of his anger; it is a tempest that sweeps through the soul and leaves devastation behind it. Far more destructive is this self-regarding anger and resentment which arises from our feeling that we are slighted, that we are not as important as we wish to be. This is chiefly anger against some one who has done better, or, as we prefer to think, has made a better show than we; it is a thirst for praise which may become what St. James calls 'a restless evil, full of deadly poison.'

The love of praise is not wholly evil. Praise is a reassurance to ourselves that we are on the right path

and is an encouragement to trust that our labour is not in vain. Our Lord speaks of His praise as the gladdening reward of the faithful servant, and it is no unworthy desire that longs for that. But the praise which we crave very often means a disparagement of other people and is hardly valued by us unless it visibly sets us above some one. We must be, not good, but better than someone else in the same field. It is praise at the expense of our rival that delights us so much. 'Potter envies potter,' as Hesiod said nearly three thousand years ago, 'potter envies potter and poet envies poet.' We may even reach the absurdity of craving to be unique, so that no praise satisfies us except the word 'no one but you could have done it'.

The praise of which our Lord speaks in the parable is a stimulus to better effort. It encourages but does not elate, it leads to deeper humility and higher aspiration. It does not harm the meek and lowly soul. But the desire to be praised above others may become a source of deadly harm. To try to appease this craving by indulging it is like giving a man who is thirsty salt water to drink. Vanity, like alcohol, creates an eagerness for itself, and soon not even the most extravagant praise is sufficient. The victim of such a passion comes to hate all in the same field with himself whom he hears praised. Envy takes him as her prey. This fire is not quenched and this worm dieth not. To be rid of it is well worth the sacrifice of the hand or foot or eye.

All this torturing evil, this restless and insatiable craving, is unknown to the man who is meek and lowly of heart. He is not preoccupied with himself and his claims. The praise of another does not even suggest his own right to similar or greater praise. He forms no flattering vision of himself, so he is not disappointed if he is not conspicuous. In fact, he does not trouble about the matter at all. The craving to be 'appreciated' does not arise in him. He sees himself, if he thinks about it at all, in due proportion, as one of many fellow workers. He wants to do his best, but does not exact or expect that his best shall be noticed or praised beyond what others have done. It is not so much that he has a lowly opinion of his own powers and achievements as that he does not stop to compare himself with others. He is not always eager to find out what people think of him. He has that most blessed of possessions 'a heart at leisure from itself.'

We can easily see that if we could acquire a meek and lowly heart we should find rest unto our souls. Great is the peace of those who have ceased to long to surpass others. It was a kind word of the Lord that came to Baruch: 'And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' But how is this to be brought about, and how is this rest to be attained?

'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.' We think of Jesus Christ and as we study his example we see His lack of self-assertiveness. Greatly as He loved the sympathy and fellowship of His friends, we do not find that He ever sought it by display, and we do not see Him seeking to outshine anyone. When He found that He was eclipsing John the Baptist He went away to another place. When the Samaritans would not receive Him He did not call down fire from heaven: 'They went to another village.' He was able to say 'I am among you as he that serveth',

Among all His heartbreaking sorrows He had this happiness that He could move among men without any jealousy or resentment.

He promises to teach, and we have His call 'Come unto me and learn of me'. We learn by attentive study, by docile obedience, above all, by intercourse with the teacher. We can see in the Gospel records the disciples gradually learning this lesson. Even though on that last evening 'there arose a contention among them which of them should be accounted greatest' we hear, after the great lesson which followed, no more of personal ambition among them nor of the desire to dominate. And now we have the teaching and discipline of the Holy Spirit who was sent to be all and more to us than the Lord was to His disciples when He was visibly among them.

We are told to take His yoke upon us; it is not laid on us, it is of our own taking. The yoke holds us to our task; it is a discipline. It means that we must go on and on and on. It means 'the chiefest grace, to persevere'. All things worth having must be won by obedience to duty and discipline. Even the artist, even the musician, even the man of science in the ardour of his research, needs sometimes to be held to his work by the yoke, and is perhaps sometimes restive under it. We all know that however enthusiastic we are about any pursuit we must often practise it when we would rather do something else. 'Toilsome practice every day' is the only rule of progress. We cannot attain to liberty without submission first to law; we must drudge at grammar and dictionary before we get the freedom of a language.

So we must submit to the yoke and set ourselves to learn. We must by the grace of the Holy Spirit accept His discipline and follow His direction. We must deliberately turn our attention from the delicious exercise of self-flattery and the almost equally attractive habit of disparaging others. But the discipline is not only negative. We must study with earnest attention the words and deeds of Christ and seek to understand them. We must seek the help of good books and inspiring people. Above all we must use the great gift of prayer, and particularly, for this purpose, of the prayer of intercession. It is immensely helpful in this connection to pray much and often for other people, and especially for those with whom we are in daily contact. It opens our eyes to their good qualities, it makes us rejoice in their excellencies and successes, and it occupies the time which we might otherwise spend in brooding over real or imaginary injuries or in easy and self-indulgent dreaming about ourselves and our ambitions. Of course the great enemy is slackness, that ever present danger and temptation in all spiritual enterprises. But if we are willing to accept it, the yoke will hold us to our work and the Teacher will keep us at our lessons.

And finally we must remember for our comfort that the yoke is meant to be a help, not an additional burden. It would be far more difficult for the animal to draw that load without it. The purpose of the Teacher is to deliver and to enrich. It is not to increase the difficulty of life but to make us able to live the life that is life indeed that He offers His teaching and His yoke. The teacher will be present and the way and the end will be peace.

THE POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS

By R. Chinnathamby, M.A.

Much modern poetry, in revolting against a material and mechanical view of life, has degenerated into an affectation of attitudes. And enthusiasm for Nature is more often than not the transient rapture of a walking tourist. There is no depth of feeling, no dignity of thought.

Very few poets in England to-day have the authentic emotional ring. And fewer still are there who sustain a just balance between the emotion and the intellect. The late Dr. Bridges, for example, was one in whom thought and feeling went hand in hand. This admirable feature appears in two other contemporaries of Dr. Bridges, Arthur Housman and Edward Thomas, the latter of whom lost his life in the early stage of the Great War.

Edward Thomas was born in 1878 and educated at St. Paul's and at Oxford. His earliest books were in prose, mainly of travel in England. He wrote many critical works, stories, and essays. His poems first appeared in 1917. In the same year he was killed in action in the War. Of his poetry there remains now only a slender volume.

Almost all the poems of Thomas are more or less his impressions and experiences of the country. He had a great passion for roaming in the country.

> 'I'm bound away for ever,
> Away somewhere, away for ever.'

He preferred to keep to the roads, lawns and gardens. But he was not necessarily a poet of cultivated nature alone. Very often he left the beaten track for the woods or chalk pits where his soul unfolded itself in the mystical silence of Nature.

> 'I roamed where nobody had a right but keepers and squires and then
> I sought for nests, wild flowers, oak sticks and moles both near and far.'

Moles!—that is characteristic of Thomas. He had an eye for the lowly and the insignificant, be it nettles or sedgewarblers. Speaking of things belonging to Spring he mentions,

> 'The shell of a little snail bleached
> In the grass; chip of flint, and mite
> Of chalk; and the small bird's dung
> In splashes of purest white.'

He felt so convinced of the importance of these things in the face of Nature, that he inadvertently became their spokesman. Thus, whatever commonplace thing he dwelt upon—disused barn or wasptrap—it became transfigured into a thing of beauty and significance.

The fact is, Thomas was as much a Nature-mystic as Wordsworth. He had as deep a sense of the life in things. The mole, the nettle, the bird and all things in Nature had, he knew, a cosmic significance. But this perception did not impel him to articulate it in the organ-tones of Wordsworth. He was content to record that a boy playing on a penny whistle 'says far more than I am saying.'

The poetry of Thomas is marked by a rare lucidity. He uses no private symbols to express his private

thoughts, as is often the practice of modernist poets. This clarity is his strength. Without any distracting or obscuring medium we are enabled to see the soul of the poet; the genuine lover of Nature, who is thrilled to the core of his being by the sight of birds, their nests, the sky, rain, groves, farms, bridges, roads, sowing, digging, haymaking. These are the themes of his poetry; and in his treatment of them they acquire dignity and charm.

So sensitive was Thomas to the appeal of these things in Nature that a moment's contact was sufficient to produce in him a lasting and satisfying impression. In 'Adlestrop', for instance, he evokes the soul of a locality (Adlestrop) at which his train stopped for a few minutes. Adlestrop was a silent and sleepy village.

> 'The steam hissed. Someone cleared his throat.
> No one left and no one came
> On the bare platform. What I saw
> Was Adlestrop—only the name,
>
> And willows, willow-herb and grass,
> And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
> No whit less still and lovely fair
> Than the high cloudlets in the sky.
>
> And for that minute a blackbird sang
> Close by, and round him, mistier,
> Farther and farther, all the birds
> Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.'

The poetry of Thomas is not marked by fancy or prettiness. But the poem 'Snow' shows that he could be fanciful if he cared to. In that poem he says that when snow falls a child cries bitterly because she thinks

> 'They have killed a white bird up there on her nest,
> The down is fluttering from her breast.'

Such instances, however, are extremely rare. Thomas, like Housman, was all for simplicity. His deepest feelings were couched in simple language, free from bizarre colour or cheap sentimentality. This restraint is discernible in his love poems too.

Thomas was concerned primarily with truthful representation which turned out to be poetical in effect. Speaking of nettles in a corner of the farmyard he says,

> 'I like the dust on the nettles, never lost
> Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.'

His nature poetry is fascinating chiefly because of this truthfulness and quiet dignity. His landscapes have a restful charm about them, a harmony built up of subdued tones. We succumb to the still magic of the verse and of the scene it depicts.

> 'The air raised not a straw. The steep farm roof,
> With tiles duskily glowing, entertained
> The midday sun; and up and down the roof
> White pigeons nestled. There was no sound but one—
> Three cart-horses were looking over a gate
> Drowsily through their forelocks, swishing their tails
> Against a fly, a solitary fly.'

Such pieces also reveal Thomas' passion for 'content' and quiet enjoyment. Thomas always prayed that 'something may be sent to be contented with'; and as 'the lovely visible earth and sky and sea' were his kingdom, he was always gratified.

The titles of many of Thomas' poems are casual, suggesting that his experiences ranked far more important in his eyes than their formal expression. The account of his experiences is sometimes rambling. But there is no conscious evasion of artistic responsibilities as in pseudo-poets of to-day. The real defects in his poetry are careless rhyming and bad inversions. But the poetic quality of Thomas' verse becomes obvious when, as Mr. Walter de la Mare says,

it is read slowly, like prose, without emphasis. It then 'surrenders his suffering compassionate heart.'

Written mostly in exultant moods, there is yet a tinge of sadness in Thomas' poems. This exultant melancholy, Aldous Huxley remarks, is the characteristic emotion induced by a contact with Nature. Thomas was given to self-communion, wherein he attempted very often to define that nameless happiness which came over him in the presence of Nature.

> 'And now I might
> As happy be as earth is beautiful,
> Were I some other or with earth could turn
> In alteration of violet and rose,
> Harebell and snowdrop, at their season due,
> *
> But if this be not happiness—who knows?
> Some day I shall think this a happy day,
> And this mood by the name of melancholy
> Shall no more blackened and obscured be.'

Thomas possessed all the fine attributes of a great poet. Had he not come to a premature end he would have overcome many of his earlier foibles. But what little he has done is of sterling worth. Finer praise cannot be given him than what Aldous Huxley writes: 'They bring to us precisely that consolation and strength which the country and solitude and leisure bring to the spirits of those long pent in populous cities, but essentialised and distilled in the form of art. They are the light that makes young again the tattered leaves.'

T. E. LAWRENCE AGAIN

I

The September number of the Magazine contained an article on 'Lawrence of Arabia'. Lawrence's account of the Arab revolt has now been republished in the form in which he wrote it for his friends (*The Seven Pillars of Wisdom: a Triumph*. Jonathan Cape. 30 *sh.*). The book is of outstanding interest in a variety of ways. Its most immediate appeal, no doubt, is in its episodes. Every now and then Lawrence sets out to describe a particular piece of action—an attempt to blow up a railway bridge, an organised camel-raid or a solitary ride through a snowstorm, or the taking of a small village: and the style changes at once, becoming simple and direct and swift, till your heart quickens its beat and you grow taut in your chair. His writing is usually a little affected: and when one of these episodes begins, and he remembers Thucydides, it is as if you saw a foppish young fellow throwing off his flannel trousers and blazer in order to sprint a hundred yards. Many of these passages are almost unforgettable, and it is unfortunate that the best are all too long to be quoted here.

The book is of great interest, also, as the authentic record of a minor but important phase of the Great War. The general significance of the Revolt, and its place in the Eastern campaign as a whole, were sufficiently indicated in the earlier article. But the story has an appeal of its own. The Arabs fought as they chose and in their own age-old way, under their hereditary chiefs. The battles were 'oddly primitive'—

> 'with torrents of words on both sides in a preliminary match of wits. After the foulest insults of the languages they knew would come the climax, when the Turks in frenzy called the Arabs 'English', and the Arabs screamed back 'German' at them. There were, of course, no Germans in the Hejaz, and I was the first Englishman; but each party loved cursing, and any epithet would sting on the tongues of such artists.'

In the first pitched battle after Lawrence joined Feisal (Feisal, the third son of the Grand Sheriff of Mecca, was Lawrence's chosen leader of the Arab Revolt, and after the War became King of Iraq), Feisal's left wing withdrew from the fighting halfway through the morning, because they were tired and wanted to make coffee in a shady palm-grove. Feisal thought they were broken, and ordered a general retreat. When he learnt his mistake he 'lay back and laughed'.

The Arabs entered the War as if it were a game, and played it strictly according to the rules of the desert. Nothing made them so fierce as to find the Turks killing non-combatants, or destroying such property as could not be carried away—it was not sportsmanlike. When Feisal heard that the Medina garrison were without tobacco, he was so sorry for them, being a heavy smoker himself, that he loaded several pack camels with cigarettes and drove them across the neutral zone, with his compliments. The tribes rode into battle with their poets and singers on either wing; the singers encouraged them with tales of old valour while the fighting lasted, and after a victory the poets composed

songs of triumph, for which they were rewarded duly with gold (the gold was supplied by the British Government). One chief, before fighting, 'devoted himself to death for the Arab cause, drew his sword ceremoniously, and made to it, by name, a heroic speech.'

Lawrence invented a strategy of his own for this war, which has been thought worthy of special study by a military expert, Liddell Hart. Unlike European generals, who were always trying to become either an irresistible force or an immovable object, Lawrence used to the full the mobility and speed native to the Arabs; his object was to employ 'the smallest force in the quickest time at the farthest place.'. He hated the unending and murderous 'battles' of the Western Front, and of the Mesopotamian and Gallipoli campaigns. 'To me', he says, 'an unnecessary action, or shot, or casualty, was not only waste, but sin. I was unable to take the professional view that all successful actions were gains. Our rebels were not materials, like soldiers, but friends of ours, trusting our leadership.'

'Their aim', he says of his followers, 'was geographical, to extrude the Turk from all Arabic-speaking lands in Asia. Their peace ideal of liberty could exercise itself only so. In pursuit of the ideal conditions we might kill Turks, because we disliked them very much; but the killing was a pure luxury. If they would go quietly the war would end. If not, we would urge them, or try to drive them out. In the last resort, we should be compelled to the desperate course of blood and the maxims of "murder-war", but as cheaply as could be for ourselves, since the Arabs fought for freedom, and that was a pleasure to be tasted only by a man alive.'

II

Lawrence came to know the Arabs, and to be known of them, with wonderful intimacy. He was a kind of Hamlet among them, 'thought-riddled' (a word he uses often, of himself or of the modern Westerner generally): and this perhaps enabled him all the more to appreciate the simple, quarrelsome, faithful, and child-like people among whom he lived. The book is, among other things, a fascinating portrait gallery of Arab chiefs. The greatest of them (except always the kingly and prophetic Feisal) was Auda Abu Tayi, prince of the Howeitat.

'His hospitality was sweeping; except to very hungry souls, inconvenient. His generosity kept him always poor, despite the profits of a hundred raids. He had married twenty-eight times, had been wounded thirteen times whilst the battles he provoked had seen all his tribesmen hurt and most of his relations killed. He himself had slain seventy-five men, Arabs, with his own hand in battle: and never a man except in battle. Of the number of dead Turks he could give no account; they did not enter the register. . . . He . . . was careful to be at enmity with nearly all tribes in the desert, that he might have proper scope for raids. . . . He spoke of himself in the third person, and was so sure of his fame that he loved to shout out stories against himself. At times he seemed taken by a demon of mischief, and in public assembly would invent and utter on oath appalling tales of the private life of his hosts or guests: and yet with all this he was modest, as simple as a child, direct, honest, kind-hearted, and warmly loved even by those to whom he was most embarrassing—his friends.'

One one occasion Auda wanted to take a certain peasant-village, and rode against it with a few of his tribesmen. To his astonishment, they were opposed. All alone, he galloped up to the gate, and shouted out in his tremendous deep voice, 'Dogs, do you not know that it is Auda who attacks?' The village capitulated instantly.

After a very fierce engagement he came up to Lawrence,—

'his eyes glazed over with the rapture of battle, and the words bubbling with incoherent speed from his mouth. "Work

work, where are words, work, bullets, Abu Tayi" . . . and he held up his shattered field-glasses, his pierced pistol-holster, and his leather sword-scabbard cut to ribbons. He had been the target of a volley which had killed his mare under him, but the six bullets through his clothes had left him scatheless.

'He told me later, in strict confidence, that thirteen years before he had bought an amulet Koran for one hundred and twenty pounds and had not since been wounded. Indeed, Death had avoided his face, and gone scurvily about killing brothers, sons, and followers. The book was a Glasgow reproduction, costing eighteen pence; but Auda's deadliness did not let people laugh at his superstition.'

Maulud, again, was 'a magnificent fighter, who regarded a battle won as a battle wasted if he did not show some wound to prove his part in it.' Abd el Kerim could not help feeling sorry as the Arab forces became united: 'for to him the joys of life were a fast camel, the best weapons, and a short sharp raid against his neighbour's herd: and the gradual achievement of Feisal's ambition was making such joys less and less easy for the responsible.'

Yet the Arabs proved themselves wonderfully adaptable as the war proceeded, and learnt to co-operate even with armoured cars and aeroplanes. The Sheikh Motlog was taken as guide to a motor expedition, and was perched on top of the baggage in a box-Ford. There was a bad skid, and he was pitched out on his head. The driver pulled up, and ran back to apologise for his bad driving: 'but the Sheikh, ruefully rubbing his head, said gently "Don't be angry with me. I have not learnt to ride these things."'

A portrait of a modish sheikh:—

'He wore his black hair in plaits down each side of his face, and kept it glossy with butter, and strong by frequent washings in camel urine. He encouraged nits, in deference to the Beduin proverb that a deserted head showed an ungenerous mind.'

III

'The term "fighting man" in the Hejaz,' says Lawrence, 'meant anyone between twelve and sixty and sane enough to shoot.' And it is chiefly as fighting men and as comrades-in-arms that he presents his Arabs. But he also gives many glimpses of their culture, their religion, and their general state of existence.

He knew many dialects perfectly, and had a ready command of Arabic poetry and proverbial wisdom, so as to take his part in the endless fireside conversations over endless cups of coffee.

'For the ordinary Arab the hearth was a university, about which their world passed and where they heard the best talk, the news of their tribe, its poems, histories, love tales, lawsuits and bargainings. By such constant sharing in the hearth councils they grew up masters of expression, dialecticians, orators, able to sit with dignity in any gathering and never at a loss for moving words.'

He learnt much about them as he tried to move them to war, and to keep them at it.

'They were incorrigibly children of the idea, feckless and colour-blind, to whom body and spirit were for ever and inevitably opposed. Their mind was strange and dark, full of depressions and exaltations, lacking in rule, but with more of ardour and more fertile in belief than any other in the world. They were a people of starts, for whom the abstract was the strongest motive, the process of infinite courage and variety, and the end nothing. They were as unstable as water, and like water would perhaps finally prevail.'

Feisal could speak to Lawrence with utter frankness, and in this way also Lawrence learnt much.

'I am not a Hejazi by upbringing,' Feisal would say; 'and yet, by God, I am jealous for it. And though I know the British do not want it, yet what can I say, when they took the Sudan, also not wanting it? They hunger for desolate lands, to build them up; and so, perhaps, one day Arabia will seem to them precious. Your good and my good, perhaps

they are different, and either forced good or forced evil will make a people cry with pain. Does the ore admire the flame which transforms it? There is no reason for offence, but a people too weak are clamant over their little own. Our race will have a cripple's temper till it has found its feet.'

It was especially interesting to be with the Arabs when they were becoming a nation. The idea of Arab freedom was sown, was sedulously cultivated, and bore fruit, all practically within Lawrence's two years: what began as a series of co-ordinated tribal raids was turned into a national war. But the new idea grew, till Lawrence himself was almost frightened by the giant-growth:—

'There was among the tribes in the fighting zone a nervous enthusiasm common, I suppose, to all national risings, but strangely disquieting to one from a land so long delivered that national freedom had become like the water in our mouths, tasteless.'

In the end they entered Damascus. After a day of joy and confusion, Lawrence heard a *muedhdhin* intoning the last call to prayer for the day: 'God alone is great: I testify that there are no gods, but God: and Mohammed his Prophet. Come to prayer: come to security. God alone is great: there is no god—but God.' Then his voice dropped almost to a speaking tone, and he added: 'And he is very good to us this day, O people of Damascus.'

IV

It was a strange life for a gently-nurtured Englishman. Much of the time was spent in long journeys or raids on camel-back. They would carry flour, a half-bag (forty-five pounds) for each man, and that was food enough for six weeks. They would come to a water-hole once in three or four days. We are told nothing of the quality of the flour, but sometimes the water was not very good. In one well,

'The stagnant water looked uninviting. Over its face lay a thick mantle of green slime, from which swelled curious bladder-islands of floating fatty pink. The Arabs explained that the Turks had thrown dead camels into the pool to make the water foul; but that time had passed and that the effect was grown faint. It would have been fainter had the criterion of their effort been my taste.

'Yet it was all the drink we should get up here unless we took Mudowwara, so we set to and filled our water-skins. One of the Howeitat, while helping in this, slipped off the wet edge into the water. Its green carpet closed oilily over his head and hid him for an instant: then he came up, gasping vigorously, and scrambled out amid our laughter; leaving behind him a black hole in the scum from which a stench of old meat rose like a visible pillar, and hung about us and him and the valley, disconcertingly.'

Next day a British N.C.O. who was in the party was 'in pain with dysentery', and Lawrence remarks innocently that this water had 'probably upset his stomach'; and adds: 'So few Englishmen seemed to have been endowed by their upbringing with any organic resistance to disease.'

'In summer the camels would do about two hundred and fifty miles after a watering; a three days' vigorous march. An easy stage was fifty miles; eighty was good: in an emergency we might do one hundred and ten miles in the twenty-four hours: twice the Ghazala, our greatest camel, did one hundred and forty-three alone with me.'

There is a fine story of this Ghazala, 'the old grandmother camel,' during a forced march.

'Her foal had lately died, and Abdulla, who rode next me, had skinned the little carcase, and carried the dry pelt behind his saddle, like a crupper piece. We started well, thanks to the Zaagi's chanting, but after an hour Ghazala lifted her head high, and began to pace uneasily, picking up her feet like a sword-dancer.

'I tried to urge her: but Abdulla dashed alongside me, swept his cloak about him, and sprang from his saddle, calf's skin in hand. He lighted with a splash of gravel in front of

Ghazala, who had come to a standstill, gently moaning. On the ground before her he spread the little hide, and drew her head down to it. She stopped crying, shuffled its dryness thrice with her lips; then again lifted her head and, with a whimper, strode forward. Several times in the day this happened; but afterwards she seemed to forget.'

Arab medicine. It was a fearsome thing to fall ill alone among Arabs, as Lawrence did more than once, and to lie at the mercy of their kindness.

'Their treatment of every sickness was to burn holes in the patient's body at some spot believed to be the complement of the part affected. It was a cure tolerable to such as had faith in it, but torture to the unbelieving: to incur it unwillingly would be silly, and yet certain; for the Arabs' good intentions, selfish as their good digestions, would never heed a sick man's protesting.'

'The Arabs were casual about broken bones. In a tent at Wadi Ais I had seen a youth whose forearm had set crookedly; realizing this, he had dug into himself with a dagger till he had bared the bone, re-broken it, and set it straight; and there he lay, philosophically enduring the flies, with his left forearm huge under healing mosses and clay, waiting for it to be well.'

Arab law. On one march one of Lawrence's followers, a Moroccan, lost his temper and shot another man dead. The relatives of the victim demanded blood for blood—instant execution. But if any Arab carried out the sentence, the other Moroccans in the 'army' would be at feud with *him* and so *ad infinitum.* Lawrence himself had to shoot the culprit in cold blood, though he was shaking with fever at the time so that he could hardly get into his saddle without help. The account of the shooting is very gruesome, for Lawrence's aim, in the circumstances, was not good; and it begins: 'Then rose up the horror which would make civilized man shun justice like a plague if he had not the needy to serve him as hangmen for wages.'

Once, on a raid, there was a duel.

'Awad shot off Ahmed's head-rope; Ahmed holed Awad's cloak. I disarmed them and gave loud order that the right thumb and forefinger of each be cut off. The terror of this drove them into an instant, violent, and public kissing of peace. A little later all my men went capital bail that the trouble had ended. I referred the case to Ali ibn el Hussein, who set them at liberty on probation, after sealing their promise with the ancient and curious nomad penance of striking the head sharply with the edge of a weighty dagger again and again till the issuing blood had run down to the waist belt. It caused painful but not dangerous wounds, whose ache at first and whose scars later were supposed to remind the would-be defaulter of the bond he had given.'

Here is one more picture of Arab life. Lawrence, during a halt, was bathing in a spring (a clean one!):—

'While I was so happy, a grey-bearded, ragged man, with a hewn face of great power and weariness, came slowly along the path till opposite the spring; and there he let himself down with a sigh upon my clothes spread out over a rock beside the path, for the sun-heat to chase out their thronging vermin.

'He heard me and leaned forward, peering with rheumy eyes at this white thing splashing in the hollow beyond the veil of sun-mist. After a long stare he seemed content, and closed his eyes, groaning, "The love is from God; and of God; and towards God." . . .

'I put an end to my bath, and advanced to recover my clothes. He shut his eyes with his hands and groaned heavily. Tenderly I persuaded him to rise up and let me dress, and then to come with me along the crazy path which the camels had made in their climbing to and from the other water-springs. He sat down by our coffee-place, where Muhammed blew up the fire while I sought to make him utter doctrine.

'When the evening meal was ready we fed him, so checking for some minutes his undercurrent of groans and broken words. Late at night, he rose painfully to his feet and tottered deafly into the night, taking his beliefs, if any, with him. The Howeitat told me that life-long he had wandered among them moaning strange things, not knowing day or night, not troubling himself for food or work or shelter. He was given bounty of them all, as an afflicted man; but never replied a word, or talked aloud, except when abroad by himself or alone among the sheep and goats.'

V

The country itself, its scenery and climate, is almost as interesting as

its inhabitants and their strange way of life. Lawrence's first glimpse of Arabia during the war, on arriving in the harbour of Jidda, is full of romantic promise: —

'When at last we anchored in the outer harbour, off the white town hung between the blazing sky and its reflection in the mirage which swept and rolled over the wide lagoon, then the heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword and struck us speechless. It was midday; and the noon sun in the East, like moonlight, put to sleep the colours. There were only lights and shadows, the white houses and black gaps of streets: in front, the pallid lustre of the haze shimmering upon the inner harbour: behind, the dazzle of league after league of featureless sand, running up to an edge of low hills, faintly suggested in the far away mist of heat.

'Just north of Jidda was a second group of black-white buildings, moving up and down like pistons in the mirage, as the ship rolled at anchor and the intermittent wind shifted the heat waves in the air.'

Out in the real desert, the glare was blinding; and when they came to a patch of grass at a water-hole, the relief to his eyes was so sudden that 'involuntarily [he] glanced up to see if a cloud had not covered the face of the sun'.

Or a dust-storm would approach like a yellow cloud, with two dust-spouts —'tight and symmetrical chimneys'—one on either flank. The wind, which had been scorching their faces, suddenly changed and blew damp and cold from behind them, becoming at the same time more violent, while the sun was blotted out and they 'stood in a horrible light, ochreous and fitful'. The dust came on, with a 'loud grinding sound', and the brown cloud struck them. The wind twisted and eddied so that the sand was blown into their faces however they turned or wrapped themselves up; but at the same time the storm advanced steadily 'at the speed of a strong gale': their camels were whirled round and round, and were sometimes dashed against one another, while bushes and even small trees came flying through the air. The storm lasted eighteen minutes, and ended as suddenly as it had begun. The party was now scattered over a square mile. Before they could rally, or shake the dust off, the rain came on in torrents and 'muddied them to the skin'.

Dawn on the 'Red Sea slope of Arabia':—

'Seemingly it was a plain, with an illimitable view downhill to the east, where one gentle level after another slowly modulated into a distance only to be called distance because it was a softer blue, and more hazy. The rising sun flooded this falling plain with a perfect level of light, throwing up long shadows of almost imperceptible ridges, and the whole life and play of a complicated ground-system—but a transient one; for, as we looked at it, the shadows drew in towards the dawn, quivered a last moment behind their mother-banks, and went out as though at a common signal. Full morning had begun: the river of sunlight, sickeningly in the full-face of us moving creatures, poured impartially on every stone of the desert over which we had to go.'

A hot wind, later in the same day:—

'By noon it blew a half-gale, so dry that our shrivelled lips cracked open, and the skin of our faces chapped; while our eyelids, gone granular, seemed to creep back and bare our shrinking eyes. . . . My camel's pace became sufficient increase to the irritation of the choking waves, whose dryness broke my skin and made my throat so painful that for three days afterwards I could eat little of our stodgy bread.'

Once at least he knew a temperature of 120° F. They spent a morning, waiting to blow up a train, in a narrow valley. 'As the hours passed the sun increased, and shone so closely upon our radiant trench that we felt crowded by its rays.' Then in winter the cold was equally extreme, and they were equally without protection: 'The wind cut

open the skin: fingers lost power, and sense of feel: cheeks shivered like dead leaves till they could shiver no more, and then bound up their muscles in a witless ache.'

It was in weather of this sort that he had to ride on camel back through the Wadi Arabah, in February 1918, going furiously (he was carrying 6,000 sovereigns, more than a hundred-weight of gold), till he had tired out one team of companions and then another. After he had gone on alone for a long time, the camel

'fell some eighteen feet down the hillside into a yard-deep drift of frozen snow. After the fall she [the camel] rose to her feet whimpering and stood still, in a tremble.

'When he-camels so baulked, they would die on their spot, after days; and I feared that now I had found the limit of effort in she-camels. I plunged to my neck in front of her, and tried to tow her out, vainly. Then I spent a long time hitting her behind. I mounted, and she sat down. I jumped off, heaved her up, and wondered if, perhaps, it was that the drift was too thick. So I carved her a beautiful little road, a foot wide, three deep, and eighteen paces long, using my bare feet and hands as tools. The snow was so frozen on the surface that it took all my weight first, to break it down, and then to scoop it out. The crust was sharp, and cut my wrists and ankles till they bled freely, and the roadside became lined with pink crystals, looking like pale, very pale, water-melon flesh.'

Finally he got her out, taking his 'beautiful little road' at a run, and reached his destination safely, sovereigns and all.

VI

To many readers, however, the most interesting of the many subjects of the book will be Lawrence himself. His story is, to begin with, an astonishing example of human endurance and adaptability. He and his comrades 'lived always in the stretch or sag of nerves, either on the crest or in the trough of waves of feeling': and he was in command throughout.

After eighteen months of it, in a moment of depression, Lawrence asked Allenby to relieve him of his command.

'I complained that since landing in Arabia I had had options and requests, never an order: that I was tired to death of free-will, and of many things beside free-will. For a year and a half I had been in motion, riding a thousand miles each month upon camels: with added nervous hours in crazy aeroplanes, or rushing across country in powerful cars. In my last five actions I had been hit, and my body so dreaded further pain that now I had to force myself under fire. Generally I had been hungry: lately always cold: and frost and dirt had poisoned my hurts into a festering mass of sores.'

Allenby however quietly pointed out that the work was important, and that no one else seemed able to take it on: and Lawrence went back to it, for another eight months. He did not again ask for leave till Damascus had been taken and he had, almost single-handed, set up an Arab government in it. 'In the end he agreed; and then at once I knew how much I was sorry.' These are the last of the 300,000 words of the book.

Lawrence tried to live like the Arabs in all things.

'Arab habit was to fill themselves to vomiting point at each well, and either to go dry to the next; or, if they carried water, to use it lavishly at the first halt, drinking and bread-making. As my ambition was to avoid comment upon my difference, I copied them, trusting with reason that their physical superiority was not great enough to trap me into serious harm. Actually,' he calmly adds, 'I only once went ill with thirst.'

And it is evident that he could make himself one with his fellow-fighters in a very remarkable way. He shared their songs, their jokes, their endless theological discussions: he could laugh with them, and even at them: he could jeer at them, and curse them for cowards and idlers, when they needed urging on, without

getting his throat cut. Once he even dared to banter Auda himself, telling an endless, pointless, boastful story in Auda's very voice. The others who were present listened with amazement —for parody was a new art to the Arabs—and with something like terror: but when Auda at last realized that Lawrence was pulling his leg, he enjoyed the joke more than any one else.

The Arabs even accepted him as judge, submitting their eternal disputes to him and abiding without question by his decisions. During one six-days' raid he settled 'twelve cases of assault with weapons, four camel-liftings, one marriage, two thefts, a divorce, fourteen feuds, two evil eyes, and a bewitchment.'

Lawrence could out-ride them all, could do more and could eat and drink and sleep less than any of them; and once, in a sandstorm, when a man got lost, it was Lawrence who turned back to look for him.

VII

Yet Lawrence never succeeded in identifying himself wholly with the Arab Revolt. He remained detached even at the most exciting moments—a spectator, and a most critical one, as well as an actor. And his analysis and criticism of himself in action is extraordinarily frank. There are at least two Lawrences revealed in the book; the one a man of action, a strategist, a flaming enthusiast for the liberation of a gallant and oppressed people; the other a weary and disillusioned sceptic, very doubtful whether the whole show is worth the trouble, and cynically regarding himself, the leader, as a sham. To some people the Hamlet-like asides, which are long and frequent, will be the main interest of the book.

One of the illustrations is a queer drawing, by Eric Kennington, of Lawrence sticking into a case, as if they were insect-specimens, little models of all the people mentioned in the book. In the centre of the case is an extra large model of himself, stretched out and pinned flat. It is true enough. Lawrence takes a slightly morbid pleasure in exhibiting himself, stripped of all pretence and all reserve.

We get the impression that he would have been abnormally introspective in any circumstances. Here is a typical piece of self-description:—

'My brain was sudden and silent as a wild cat, my senses like mud clogging its feet, and my self (conscious always of itself and its shyness) telling the beast it was bad form to spring and vulgar to feed upon the kill. So meshed in nerves and hesitation, it could not be a thing to be afraid of; yet it was a real beast, and this book its mangy skin, stuffed and set up squarely for men to stare at.'

His analysing of himself, however, was not the cool and dispassionate scrutiny of the scholar engaged on subjects of no immediate import: he was a fervent idealist, and very keenly aware of the gulf between the self that he saw (and remorselessly, even vindictively, analysed), and the self he would have liked to see. At one moment he bursts out, 'Indeed, the truth was I did not like the "myself" I could see and hear.' His mood varied from a passionate desire to punish himself for disappointing himself, and a cynical and weary desire to abandon the upward struggle.

It was not only his own soul that fell short of the specifications he laid down for it: his outward deeds failed him in the same way. (He proudly refuses to share any blame with other *people*.) He was happy only when planning for the future: as soon as his

immediate object was accomplished, he turned away from it with disgust. Thus he speaks of 'the tarnish of achievement,' and there is a world of irony in his sub-title: 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom: a Triumph.' Every victory was a wave of fresh disillusionment.

Of a moment of triumph he writes:—

'We were subject at the moment to the physical shame of success, a reaction of victory, when it became clear that nothing was worth doing, and that nothing worthy had been done.'

After the taking of Akaba he was miserable:—

'For months Akaba had been the horizon of our minds, the goal: we had had no thought, we had refused thought, of anything beside. Now, in achievement, we were a little despising the entities which had spent their extremest effort on an object whose attainment changed nothing radical either in mind or body.'

He would have welcomed servitude; he would have been happy carrying out orders with unquestioning obedience,—had he found anyone capable of commanding him.

'It was a part of my failure never to have found a chief to use me. All of them, through incapacity or timidity or liking, allowed me too free a hand; as if they could not see that voluntary slavery was the deep pride of a morbid spirit, and vicarious pain its gladdest decoration. Instead of this, they gave me licence, which I abused in insipid indulgence.'

He longed to merge his individuality in some greater whole: to lose and forget himself in some broad and splendid movement.

'Into the sources of my energy of will I dared not probe. The conception of antithetical mind and matter, which was basic in the Arab self-surrender, helped me not at all. I achieved surrender (so far as I did achieve it) by the very opposite road, through my notion that mental and physical were inseparably one: that our bodies, the universe, our thoughts and tactilities were conceived in and of the molecular sludge of matter, the universal element through which form drifted as clots and patterns of varying density. It seemed to me unthinkable that assemblages of atoms should cogitate except in atomic terms. My perverse sense of values constrained me to assume that abstract and concrete, as badges, did not denote oppositions more serious than Liberal and Conservative.'

It was this contempt of things done that gave him his fierce, almost maniacal, energy: he went on from deed to deed, as Macbeth from crime to crime; his tormenting idealism was only whetted by what he had hoped would appease it.

The peculiar circumstances of the Arab war were nicely calculated to whip up the devil within him. He had nothing familiar to fall back on in times of stress, no inherited store of strength. He tasted the loneliness of the alien among a people so different from his own, 'like Mohammed's coffin in our legend,' which was suspended between earth and heaven; so as sometimes to fall into 'a contempt, not for other men, but for all they do'. Of a brief period with his own people he says: 'For me it was a holiday, with not an Arab near, before whom I must play out my tedious part.'

Then there was the almost incessant weariness of the body, which acted like intoxication and took away his self-control.

'Such detachment came at times to a man exhausted by prolonged physical effort and isolation. His body plodded on mechanically, while his reasonable mind left him, and from without looked down critically on him, wondering what that futile lumber did and why. Sometimes these selves would converse in the void; and then madness was very near, as I believe it would be near the man who could see through the veils at once of two customs, two educations, two environments.'

Later, he describes such a mood more fully:—

'Now I found myself dividing into parts. There was one which went on riding wisely,

sparing or helping every pace of the wearied camel. Another hovering above and to the right bent down curiously, and asked what the flesh was doing. The flesh gave no answer, for, indeed, it was conscious only of a ruling impulse to keep on and on; but a third garrulous one talked and wondered, critical of the body's self-inflicted labour, and contemptuous of the reason for effort.'

And the Arab war itself, as a whole, was the bitterest of all his disillusionments, precisely because he expected so much of it. Here was the supreme deed that must occupy him wholly and make him happy at last: he gave up all that he could: and he still found that there was one thing he could not rid himself of—the lurking, quizzical, questioning spirit within himself.

'I had had one craving all my life—for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form—but had been too diffuse ever to acquire a technique. At last accident, with perverted humour, in casting me as a man of action had given me place in the Arab Revolt, a theme ready and epic to a direct eye and hand, thus offering me an outlet in literature, the technique-less art. Whereupon I became excited only over mechanism. The epic mode was alien to me, as to my generation. Memory gave me no clue to the heroic, so that I could not feel such men as Auda in myself. He seemed fantastic as the hills of Rumm, old as Mallory.'

Yet he carried on: he flinched sometimes, but never failed. His worst trial came at Deraa. He had been spying, was caught by the Turkish commandant, and most savagely scourged. Coming when he was already wearied out, under-fed and under-slept, the shame of it bit very deep: afterwards he came to feel that 'in Deraa that night the citadel of my integrity had been irrevocably lost'. Yet the very next night, after he had escaped, he turned aside to examine a bridge with a view to blowing it up when the opportunity occurred: 'Not that my maimed will now cared a hoot about the Arab Revolt (or about anything but mending itself): yet, since the war had been a hobby of mine, for custom's sake I would force myself to push it through.'

He carried on—but at a certain cost. Knowing what he looked like to his followers, a hero inexhaustible in energy and resource, and knowing what he looked like to himself, he came to feel that he was a humbug, a mountebank. He knew that certain promises had been made to the Arabs, as the price of their support, by the Allied governments. He knew that the promises had been made too glibly, by men desperate for any help. He had always feared that when the day of reckoning came it might be found impossible (or unnecessary!) to fulfil the promises literally. Actually Lawrence felt that the Arabs were unfairly dealt with at the Peace Conference, and felt it as a personal shame and pain: and it is likely enough that he unconsciously read back some of his later feelings into the period of actual fighting.

Anyhow, Lawrence came to believe, or to imagine, as the revolt went on from success to success, the greater gains being purchased with greater losses, that he was allowing himself to become a willing party to the betrayal of his friends and of his own honour.

'I cannot put down my acquiescence in the Arab fraud to weakness of character or native hypocrisy: though of course I must have had some tendency, some aptitude, for deceit, or I would not have deceived men so well, and persisted two years in bringing to success a deceit which others had framed and set afoot. I had had no concern with the Arab Revolt in the beginning. In the end I was responsible for its being an embarrassment to the inventors. Where exactly in the interim my guilt passed from accessory to principal, upon what headings I should be condemned, were not for me to say. Suffice it that since the march to Akaba I bitterly repented my entanglement in the movement, with a bitterness sufficient to corrode my inactive hours,

but insufficient to make me cut myself clear of it. Hence the wobbling of my will, and endless vapid complainings.'

After his unsuccessful attempt to get his discharge from Allenby,

'There was no escape for me. I must take up again my mantle of fraud in the East. With my certain contempt for half-measures I took it up quickly and wrapped myself in it completely. It might be fraud or it might be farce: no one should say that I could not play it.'

Here is a final extract: the self-questionings of a Redeemer—of a liberator only half-sure of the liberty he was inviting his followers to die for:—

'Because they accepted our message as truth, they were ready to be killed for it; a condition which made their acts more proper than glorious, a logical bastard fortitude, suitable to a profit and loss balance of conduct. To invent a message, and then with open eyes to perish for its self-made image—that was greater....

'A reef on which many came to a shipwreck of estimation was the vanity that our endurance might win redemption, perhaps for all a race.... Yet in reality we had borne the vicarious for our own sakes, or at least because it was pointed for our benefit: and could escape from this knowledge only by a make-believe in sense as well as in motive. The self-immolated victim took for his own the rare gift of sacrifice; and no pride and few pleasures in the world were so joyful, so rich as this choosing voluntarily another's evil to perfect the self. There was a hidden selfishness in it, as in all perfections. To each opportunity there could be only one vicar, and the snatching of it robbed the fellows of their due hurt. Their vicar rejoiced, while his brethren were wounded in their manhood.... His purer part, for the mediator, might have been to stand among the crowd, to watch another win the cleanness of a redeemer's name.... To endure for another in simplicity gave a sense of greatness. There was nothing loftier than a cross, from which to contemplate the world. The pride and exhilaration of it were beyond conceit. Yet each cross, occupied, robbed the latecomers of all but the poor part of copying: and the meanest of things were those done by example...

'Honest redemption must have been free and child-minded. When the expiator was conscious of the under-motives and the after-glory of his act, both were wasted on him. So the introspective altruist appropriates a share worthless, indeed harmful, to himself, for had he remained passive, his cross might have been granted to an innocent. To rescue simple ones from such evil by paying for them his complicated self would be avaricious in the modern man. He, thought-riddled, could not share their belief in others' discharge through his agony, and they, looking on him without understanding, might feel the shame which was the manly disciple's lot: or might fail to feel it, and incur the double punishment of ignorance....'

When the war was over, Lawrence resolutely refused to accept any honour, or any reward, for the part he had played in it; and he spent the rest of his life trying to be forgotten and, perhaps, to forget. The modern man in the role of a Crusader was a misfit.

RAIN

By S. P. Appasamy, *Class II*

If you travel down the Tinnevelly-Kulasekharapatnam Road, after going a few miles, you will notice a solitary, two-storied house standing like a sentinel before a little village, on the edge of a fairly large tank. It consists of five small rooms, yet it is known in the neighbourhood as 'the mansion' just because it is built of brick and lime and is whitewashed. The upper window of this house is 'the loophole of retreat' from which I survey the world. It is afternoon. The tank lies glassy in the sunlight. A light breeze just stirs the tracery of the towering tamarind trees. Away down the high road a black spot, followed by a cloud of dust, comes rushing on. Faster and faster it approaches until it flashes by, leaving the breeze to waft the billowing brown clouds over the trees, staining their green with dusty grime. Few people are astir at this time of day. Two men, bundle on head and staff in hand, walk stealthily on the soft dust of the road wending their way to town. Silent, stooping women are weeding the rice-fields, standing in three or four inches of water. On the left, near the road, cows and buffaloes are grazing slowly, enjoying the cropping of each mouthful. Even the ever-circling kites have alighted and call to each other no more. The sudden cawing of a crow breaks the sabbath-stillness of the atmosphere; it stops, leaving the silence deeper and more profound. There is some foreboding in the air; it seems filled with a passive expectancy, a deep desire for some consummation.

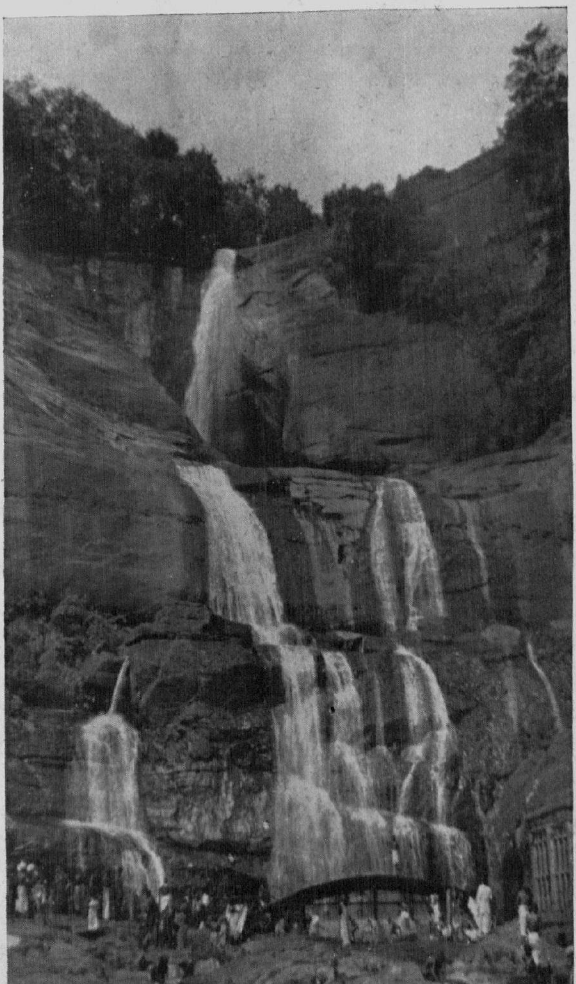
A cold gust of air bursts on the peaceful scene. The trees toss their heads like war-horses eager for the fray. Even the placid cows raise their heads for an instant, move a few paces forward, and resume their interrupted feed. The women pick up their baskets of weeds, and, wading to the partitioning bunds, hurry back to the huts. The ripples chase each other on the surface of the tank in a playful swirl. A cool breeze has sprung up, following the first gust. The sun is hidden suddenly, as if a curtain had dropped over it; and a precocious twilight envelops the scene. Another curtain of gauze falls on the palmyra trees in the distance, a fine mist dims the horizon and approaches through the intervening fields. As it comes nearer, the drops separate from the mist, and the first gentle shower is upon us. There is a lull; and then the steady slanting downpour. It is raining.

Even the objects in the middle distance are now blotted out. The road leads into a misty void. The tank extends, as it were, 'beyond the utmost bound of human thought'. The horizon is brought within a hundred yards radius. The cows are coming back slowly to their stalls. Not that they mind the rain, but because they dislike eating wet grass. The buffaloes prefer to remain outside, gazing with infinite satisfaction at the filling gutters. The cowherds race for shelter, with their only piece of cloth covering their heads, their legs plastered with yellow mud. Then once again a stillness falls on all

things outside. The noise of heavy drops thudding, not as at first on soft dust and earth, but on mud, makes voices 'thin, as voices from the grave'. The drumming of rain on the tiled roof, the pouring of water from the waterspouts, and the gentle tinkle of water from the leaking roof, dripping into pans placed to catch it, constitute a music which fills the spirit with a sense of peace, and like an opiate, with a subtle happiness, a passive delight.

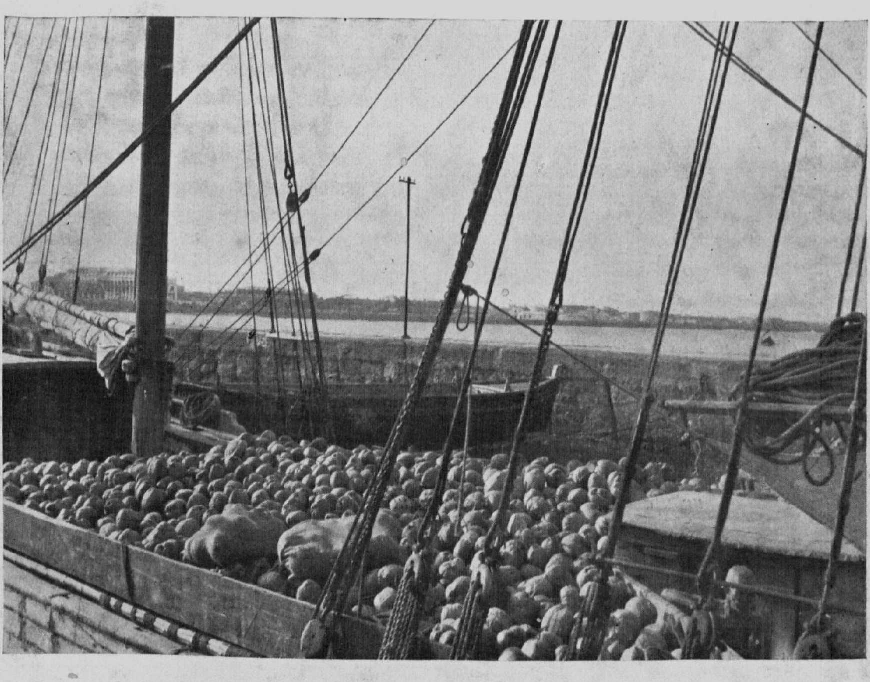
After raining like this for an hour, two hours perhaps, it ceases. What a different spectacle now presents itself. The sun reappears, flaming with glory in the west, shining through the purer atmosphere with greater brilliance and less heat. The fresh smell of sodden fertile earth fills one with a strange intoxication. The birds, ruffling their plumage, alight on the ground to pick up their last worm, and burst into a evensong in the trees. The trees, shaking off their weight of water-drops, appear clean and fresh. The buffaloes wallow in the pools. Children run out to play in the mud. Women carrying their pots go in groups to the tank. The road is again peopled. Another car passes but with no accompanying cloud of dust. All Nature smiles.

A sense of completion overwhelms one as the shadows lengthen and the sun sets. The peace and joy in the surroundings are painful in their intensity. It is as if the Angel of God has passed by, saying to all things: 'Be ye happy'. There is something sacramental in the very action and effect of rain. Is it then a wonder that men thank God for rain?



Courtallam *Photo by Paul T. Balasingam, Class III.*

A High Range Tea Estate *Photo by J. R. M.*

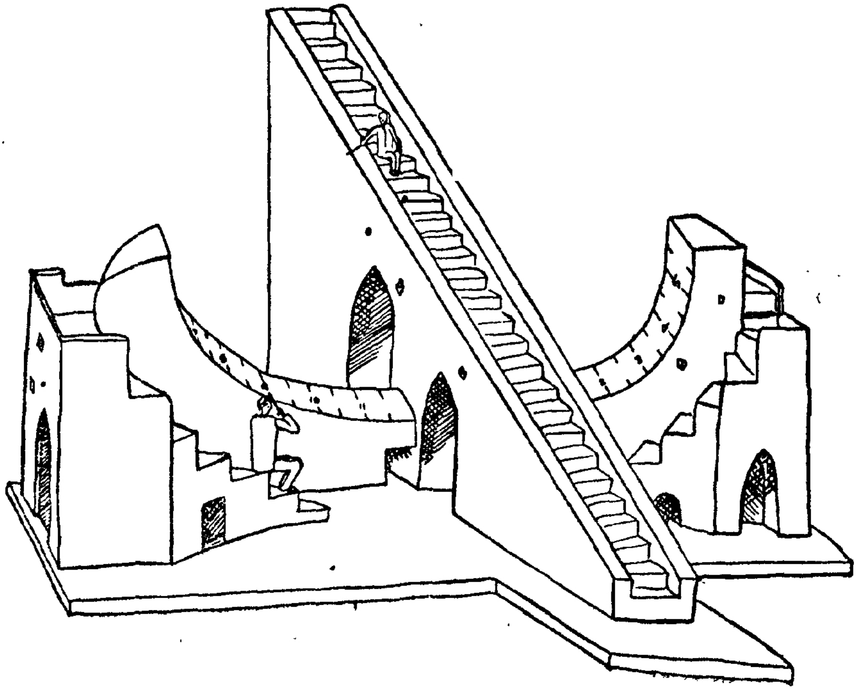


In Madras Harbour *Photo by D. A. Dharmaraj, Class III.*

SUNDIALS

BY W. F. KIBBLE, M.A.

There is a book by G. R. Kaye, in the College Library (R. 183), describing the astronomical observatories erected by Jai Singh about two hundred years ago at Jaipur, Delhi, Ujjain, Benares and Mathura. Since the book was published in 1918 the instruments at Ujjain have been beautifully re-built by the order of the Maharaja of Gwalior in whose State they are. There are four main instruments there. A rough sketch of the principal one is shown in Fig. 1. It is called Samraṭ Yantra, which may be translated equatorial Sundial, although it is used for observations of stars as well as of the sun. The illustration shows an observer making an observation while his assistant sits on the steps on the gnomon. The gnomon of a sundial is a plate in a vertical plane with its edge parallel to the earth's axis; that is, in a north-and-south plane, inclined to the horizontal at an angle equal to the latitude (the latitude of Madras is about 13°, and of Ujjain is 23° 10′). The gnomon of this Samraṭ Yantra is masonry, faced with white marble on which the graduations are engraved. The hour angle of a star or the sun is observed on two quadrants also faced with white marble. In the sketch graduations have been indicated, but the



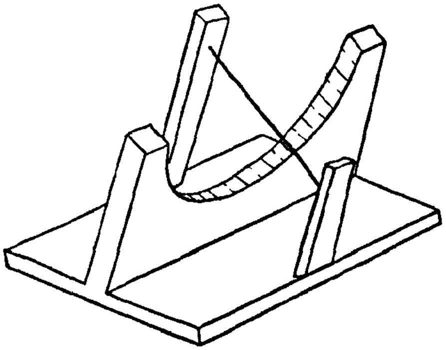
actual graduations are at intervals of a third of a minute, and Hindi numerals are used and not European Arabic.

To find the time during the day it is merely necessary to observe the position of the shadow of the gnomon on a quadrant, and read the hour angle there. For observations on stars the readings must be made in the way shown in the sketch. The observer sits by a quadrant and holds a pointer by the scale; his assistant sits on the steps up the gnomon and holds another pointer in contact with the tangent scale on it. Each pointer must be moved about until, looking along the line from one to the other, the observer can see the star. The reading of his own pointer gives the hour angle of the star, which increases at the same uniform rate for all stars; his assistant gives the declination of the star, which remains constant for any one star. Either of these readings can be made without the other.

A table showing the combined correction (to the longitude of the observatory and the equation-of-time), to be made to the observed time to obtain Indian standard time, was placed at the side of the Ujjain Samraṭ Yantra when it was restored.

One advantage of instruments so large as those made by Jai Singh may have been that two observers could observe the hour angles of two different stars at the same time: it would thus be possible to determine their relative positions without the need for an accurate clock.

A small instrument of the type of the Samraṭ Yantra is the most convenient form of sundial in the latitude of Madras. There are many villages in South India which have no railway station or telegraph office, and in which clocks can therefore be only infrequently compared with a standard clock, and in all such villages a sundial would be of great advantage. An instrument with quadrants of radius about a foot, or less, is sufficient to give an accuracy of to two or three minutes, when made by a village carpenter. Instead of two separate quadrants, a semi-circular scale can be used (made by cutting a semicircle out of a plain slab of wood) if instead of a solid gnomon the shadow is cast by a straight rod (for example, a bicycle spoke) fixed at each end in such a way as to be parallel to the earth's axis. A sundial of this sort, for about the latitude of Madras, is



depicted in Fig. 2. One advantage of this type of sundial over the flat sundial so common in Europe is that the graduations are uniform, so that the time can be ascertained with the same degree of accuracy at all times of day. In a sundial I had made for some friends in a South Indian village, I provided a vernier attachment so as to get greater accuracy: a vernier is only possible when the graduations are uniform.

There are three other instruments at Ujjain. (i) A pair of circular sundials. (ii) A wall on which are a pair of mural quadrants, the centre of each of which is marked by a pin which may originally have been the pivot of

a pointer; the wall is in a north-and-south plane, and when a star transits the pointer can be directed to it, and the reading on the quadrant will give the star's meridian altitude. (iii) An azimuth instrument consisting of a circular wall round the top of which is a complete graduated circle. On the top of a pillar in the centre is a small brass graduated circle, and the observer can stand at the centre pillar and read the azimuth or bearings of a distant object.

The instruments at the observatories at the other places include similar types. Some more complicated types at Jaipur are described in G. R. Kaye's book. The observatory at Delhi was far outside the city walls, but is right inside the area now known as New Delhi, and its compound is tastefully laid out as a garden. The instruments there are presumably seen by far more people than those at the other centres, but they are not in the best state of repair. The repairs G. Kaye recommended 17 years ago did not appear in 1934 to have been carried out; the depression in which owing to its large size the Samraṭ Yantra was placed, is still flooded, and the lower parts of the quadrants therefore inaccessible, and graduations on the chunam on the gnomon are in places obliterated. There are other more complicated but less generally useful instruments at Delhi, including one which has a gnomon with two graduated semi-circles on either side. The shadow of the gnomon falls across the semi-circles on the east, at the instants when the sun is on the meridians, respectively, of Greenwich and Zurich.

LIVING LIGHTS

By M. D. Paul, M.A.

Luminosity in animals is an attractive phase of nature. Few there are who have not been attracted by the twinkling light of the fire-fly; those who have visited the sea by night must have been struck by the illumination of the ocean's surface by its inhabitants. Light-giving animals are met with in every part of the globe, from the highest mountain tops to the deepest abysses of the ocean. Heat, which is usually associated with light, is absent from the light emitted by these animals, which may hence be called 'cold light' (*Bio-luminescence*).

Light-givers have their representatives among the microscopic relatives of the lowly organised *Amoeba*, as well as in the macroscopic complex ones. 'Night-lights' or *Noctiluca*, which swarm in millions in the open sea, are cousins of tiny Amoeba.

Many jelly-fishes and comb-jellies are luminescent. Naturalists have closely watched the shooting movements of these organisms in the night and have named them 'The meteors of the sea'. Sedentary relatives of jelly-fishes, such as sea-anemones, sea-pens, sea-fans, and plumes, also contribute to the luminosity of the sea.

Visits to a rocky beach lead us to the observation of innumerable sea-worms and Echinoderms (star-fishes, brittle-stars, sea-urchins, etc.), most of which emit their beautiful phosphorescent lights. Shell fishes and sea-slugs have also their contribution to make in this direction.

Among our insect friends are the fire-flies and the lightning bugs. It is a fine sight to see these forms illuminate the tropical forests, the former with their steady glare and the latter with intermittent flashes. The luminous organs in the lightning bugs consist of yellow or white patches on the various segments of the body. These are made of light-emitting substance surrounded by a maze of air tubes or tracheae. In the fire-flies these organs are found in the first pair of wings. The larvae and eggs of these insects also emit light.

Many of the crabs which live in the depths of the ocean are luminous, perhaps as an aid to brighten their dark environment.

The most noticeable among the luminescent animals of a tropical sea are certain members of the group of sea-squirts or Tunicates. It is a marvellous sight to notice the beautiful deep green colour of *Pyrosoma* (fire-body) a columnar form measuring at times to a length of four feet. The intensity of the light may be realized when we learn that a Brazilian navigator employed only six *Pyrosoma* to illuminate his cabin. Professor Mosely once captured a large *Pyrosoma* and wrote his name upon the animal with his finger. It was indeed a rare treat to see it coming out in letters of fire; each letter seeming to increase in size until the entire name was lost in a blaze of light. The emission of light was a response to the stimulus of the contact of the finger with the animal.

Luminous fishes have been known for a long time, and as they move about they leave a long trail of light

behind them. Fishes living in the abysses where light never penetrates are generally luminous, and they seem to lighten their surroundings and thus find their way about. Alcock describes, in his *Naturalist in the Indian Seas*, the luminescence of an Indian fish *Lamprogrammus* as being due to the oxidation of greasy substance contained in the folds of the lateral line scales. This fish has been called the *Line of Radiance* because of its appearance of port-holes along either side, when all the lamps are shining.

In many light-giving animals the oxidisable luminiferous material undergoes its combustion within the living cells where it is produced. This intra-luminescence is illustrated by many small Crustacea and Noctiluca. Extra-luminescence is met with in jelly-fishes, sea-pens and some fishes ; and is usually due to certain minute glands either diffusely scattered or definitely arranged.

Various are the uses of these lights to the possessors. In many cases the light serves as a signal for attracting their mates, and often it is a sex-signal. It also serves in some cases to attract the prey. Naturalists in the tropical forests assert that on many occasions fire-flies have saved the life of many a wanderer who has gone off the track in the forests. Some birds pick up these fire-flies and stick them on to their nests and enjoy the light.

The phenomenon of luminescence, though an old one, has not been satisfactorily explained. Luminescence in dead fish and other animals has been accounted for by the presence of bacteria which occur in large numbers when they putrefy. We hope that more work in this direction will give us a better understanding of this phenomenon, which we observe all round us.

THE MASTER GARDENER OF THE EARTH

By C. J. M. Tharakan, *Class II*

Of all the creatures most useful to man the earthworm is the most useful and it has been described as the Master Gardener of the Earth. It is the worm, our master gardener who, out of sight and out of mind, makes the soil fruitful, fine and rich for the whole of our habitable earth.

'I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting in sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

So says Cowper. That gives the worm a title of respectability in poetry, where throughout the ages he has been a much abused little fellow.

What an unmerited reputation for evil the worm has had to live down! Any creature that was evil was called a worm. Forty times and more Shakespeare slanders this poor tenant of the earth as the worker of mischief or as the symbol of misdoing and fatal melancholy. Vile worm, poor worm, viperous worm, gnawing worm, eyeless venomed worm, there is no goodness in the worm, the worm is not to be trusted, so runs the master's pen. We must remember that the standard books on natural history available to Shakespeare asserted that worms 'were evil and malicious and enemies of mankind'.

The Church was equally emphatic in condemning the worms. A certain martyr addessing worms and insects says:

'O ye worms, and all other creatures that cling to and wither the fruit of the grape and all other herbs, I charge you by the many eyed cherubin and by the six winged seraphin, which fly round the Throne, and by the holy Angels and all the powers, hurt not the vines, nor the land, nor the fruit trees, nor the vegetables of the servant of the Lord, but depart into the wild mountains, into the unfruitful woods in which God hath given you your daily food.' Truly the harmless necessary worm needed a Cowper to bespeak its life.

'If I but see a worm I have no appetite for the next three days', said a lady once, not realising that but for the worms there would be little food to satisfy her appetite. How does this boneless limbless creature discharge its great service to the earth, to vegetation, and so to all animals and to ourselves who depend on them? It is a living mill grinding up soil day and night, reducing the mountains of other ages with the verdure of yesterday, to the fine soil from which all plant life springs and grows.

The worms plough and till the field preparing the way for human cultivation. They have given us all the agricultural land we have and all the land which lies awaiting cultivation. The amazing work of the worm in connection with the formation of new and fertile soil has been recorded by Darwin, who gave over thirty years to the study of earthworms, before writing his delightful book on them. He has recorded how a field, which in his boyhood was covered with stones, gradually lost all traces of these stones, so that the field became a soft grassy place.

Worms have made the soil of the world. They eat the fallen vegetation. They eat mineral fragments and reduce them to powder. They pass through their bodies the tiny mineral debris, which once formed part of mountains, and add these to the soil.

IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME

By T. R. SIVARAMASUBRAMANIAM, *Honours IV.*

I

It was a stormy night, and alone in the lifeless desert I stood. The howling wind and rolling thunders struck in my heart deeper chords than even the call of duty in the heart of guideless burning youth. Nature smiled in cutting flashes and laughed in thundering peals, which were more furious than they were when Satan rose against the Almighty. But I, struck with mortal fear, stood with folded hands, looking at the flowing clouds that shone like the lightless flames of hell.

II

Behold ! before me stood the Temple of Fame--a huge, a dilapidated mansion, whose towers reached higher than ever did the singing lark or the majesty of the vulture. But at its height I could see, writ in horrid human gore, 'The Temple of Fame, to adorn whose walls Man lends his sacred blood'. My body froze at the sight, but powerless to resist, I entered the precincts of the huge temple.

Never before had I dreamt such sights. 'Oh, Goddess of Fame, if indeed this be the way into your horrible presence, spare me, O spare,' —so cried my heart. But an iron grip, I knew not whose, led me through those dark serpentine paths. I cried aloud—in vain. So I stopped crying, but by then my heart seemed to have flown away from me.

III

Low moaning cries reached my ears, as under the iron grip I moved on. Suddenly I saw a glow, brighter than the midday sun, and my eyes were dazzled. When I could see, I saw two huge images at whose feet was flowing human blood. I shrieked, but gathering strength I looked up. I cannot describe the faces of those images. Wrought though they were with an exquisite beauty which no human sculptor can imagine yet they gave me not the same pleasure which far less beautiful images on the earth afford. At their feet I found men—some of them in the same horrid plight as myself, but many engaged in heartfelt prayer at the feet of one or the other of two images. I even recognised men I knew, but they spoke not to me.

III

No one was there to explain to me the things I saw. Struck with fear I stood. But I lifted my eyes to look once more and I saw written at the pedestal of one 'War', and 'Money' at the other. Suddenly I heard a ringing voice that cried 'Now is the time when prayers are granted'. At once the image 'Money' moved. Oh the movement, how horrible it was! In its hands I saw thousands of men who cried aloud—I knew not what. Slowly I saw those hands tightening—a splash, a silence and the remains where thrown at the feet of those who prayed and I saw a hand pushing them through a door.

IV

I turned to the other side. Oh let me lower my voice and speak in humbled whispers lest she should

hear me, for even now I hear the distant sound of grumbling murmurs. But still I will tell one or two of the things I saw.

I was, as I said, standing in the temple looking at the exquisite image. But before me, how I cannot say, I saw a deep sweet valley with joyful flowers and happy singing birds. The pleasant evening rays of the setting sun and the rising moon delighted me. In that pleasant valley I saw a large number of people playing joyfully and with the fragrant breath of freedom. But over their heads I saw moving one huge cloud; I knew what it meant, the goddess had spread her wings. But before I could think of what happened—I saw a sudden flash, and then one vast movement of destruction.

The scene changed and I found myself playing with sweet innocent children on the happy shore of an unknown land. As I was playing I saw a man and woman coming towards us. I recognised 'her' in the woman and at once I saw all the land in one uniform lurid flame.

V

No more will I speak of the scenes of destruction I saw. They all were finished and at the end I found myself before the image of War where I found only a weeping few. They were, like the worshippers of money, pushed through a door. The presence of the images had become void of men and they were still as they were before.

Hitherto the iron grip had relaxed a little, but once again it tightened and I was led through dark invisible passages into the presence of the Goddess of Fame. There I saw Money and War standing as the high-priests and the men I saw before standing with shuddering forms with many an offering in their hands. The high-priests smiled at their devotees and the goddess looked with a look which chills my heart even now as I write this. One of the men gave that which he had in his hands, a human body—and gave it to the high-priest War. On the body was written 'Truth' and as War raised the sword to sacrifice, I shuddered and screamed aloud.

* * *

'Why are you crying like that?' asked my room mate, 'it is already 5 p.m. Aren't you coming out?' I closed my book and went to wash my face; but I could not wash off the impressions of terror and fear from my face.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW

I

Christ and Communism. By E. Stanley Jones (Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. 318. Rs. 5.)

Anyone who is not aware of the mighty forces stirring in the modern world is living with his head in a bag. And whether we like it or not, India is more and more going to be violently shaken by these great movements from East and West. Will her inner resources stand the shock? The caste system is crumbling, attacked at top and bottom. Many people seem to think that religion should go with it, because it has always (they say) hindered progress. The new gospel from Russia is driving into the East, proclaiming equality and freedom, giving thousands of men and women something to live and work for. Is it the modern alternative to an outworn religion?

Dr. Stanley Jones sees in it a challenge to the very heart of religion. As he sat reading one night on an ocean liner, the urge came to him to examine the Christian answer to the challenge, and after many weeks, he wrote this book.

In writing it, he feels that Communism, with all its revolutionary upturning of social life and its claims of freedom, is not revolutionary enough,—cannot give what it claims to give. Communism claims to be an alternative to religion. But there is an alternative to both 'religion' and Communism which is still more revolutionary, and leads to true freedom, if only men are willing to try it. If Communism itself is to be challenged it must be by a revolution which 'must rest upon foundations that are the very foundations of the universe. It must go as deep as personal, individual need, and as wide as human relationships extend.' This book describes Dr. Jones' discovery of such an alternative.

He finds it outlined in Christ's words. *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.*

Here are all the seeds of a revolution, economic, social, political: here is rural uplift and medical service; here is equality and freedom. And all is to be an expression of the Spirit of the Lord, which is the dynamic behind it. So Dr. Jones' book naturally falls into sections based upon this central theme. Christ, he says, has opened a way for the economically disinherited, for the socially, politically, physically and morally disinherited of this world. But unlike other prophets and social reformers, Christ sets before men no mere ideal programme, which might simply go the way of other ideal systems. He gives Himself as the way by which this potential life may be realised on earth.

But we cannot stop here. Who will bring in the new programme? Not those who are race- or caste-conscious: not those who think they are specially chosen to do so, others not being so chosen. It can only be brought in by a man who 'sees so deeply into the soul of goodness that

the idea of distinctions becomes intolerable, and barriers of race, class or government seem to him an affront to human dignity.'

Dr. Jones is courageous enough to outline a programme of the new world-revolution as he sees it in Christ. He sees it coming among people that believe in it now and live in that belief. He sees it in the Christian Church, but not confined to it. He sees it in every experiment at co-operation, and he believes it is going to transform politics. But he sees the whole programme to be useless talk without the guidance and power of the Holy Spirit.

This is not a book on Communism. Dr. Jones is not really interested in Communism; but he is supremely concerned with the fact that the claims of Communism are watery and superficial in comparison with the claims of Christ; and that Christ has a practical programme far more radical and hopeful than that of Marx.

Like all the works of Dr. Stanley Jones, this book is arresting, full of stimulating passages and illustrations.

'The hour for piously passing *resolutions has gone by. A Christian* convention was reported as "resolutionary" when "revolutionary" was meant. The mistake was probably nearer the facts.'

An American was asked by a Scotchman in Scotland where he came from, and replied, 'From God's Country'. The Scotchman looked at him in amazement, and replied, 'Then you must have lost your accent'.

'"Hell," cries the dilettante, and he thinks he is using an expletive, when he is simply describing where he is.'

The English edition of this book, by Hodder & Stoughton, is well printed. The reader may come across several American spellings to which he is unaccustomed. But is it true that *dilletante*, *Neitsche*, *innoculate*, are American?

R. S. M.

II

Beasts and Saints. Translations by Helen Waddell. (Constable, 1934.)

Miss Waddell is well known for her writings on medieval Christianity, the most popular being her fine historical novel on the story of Abelard and Heloise. What she has done this time is to take the best of the stories about animals from the Lives of the Saints, confining herself for convenience to Lives in Latin. The little book is prettily decorated with woodcuts; the stories are mostly interesting, and all in different ways—some quaint, some touching.

Some of the stories—especially among those of the desert hermits—are designed to show the power of these men of God. St. Pachome, the Abbot of Tabenne, kept a fleet of crocodiles on the river near his monastery; they came up as soon as he appeared on the bank, and took him on their backs to whatever spot he indicated. St. Cuthbert, at Coldingham, used to go out at night to pray on the sea-shore: and two otters would come from the sea to blow on his feet, keeping them warm, and to dry them with their fur. St. Cainnac in Ireland had a stag which would hold the book steady in its horns while the saint was reading. Another Irish saint had a fly which would settle of its own free will on his book, at the place where he left off reading, and would stay there till he returned to his desk; he had a mouse which woke him by nibbling his extremities if he overslept.

The godly Ammon, who kept two tame dragons on guard at the door of his monastery, was told of another dragon so terrible that a peasant had fallen dead at the mere sight of it. He went out, and uttered a single curse: 'and at the old man's word, that most dire dragon vomited forth its spirit and its venom together, and burst asunder with a loud crack.'

But the power of the saints was spiritual as well as physical: they not only killed dragons, they also converted them, and made faithful servants of the most savage beasts. Gerasimus, abbot of a monastery near the Jordan, once took a thorn from the paw of a lion, which thereafter followed him and obeyed his slightest wish. It was set to keep watch over the monastery donkey. One day the donkey was stolen by an Arab camel-dealer. The lion returned alone, looking disconsolate; but the abbot mistook its expression for penitence, and concluded that in a moment of weakness it had eaten the donkey, and for punishment it was made to do the donkey's work of carrying water. Long afterwards, however, the lion recognised the camel-dealer, who was coming to Jerusalem to sell barley, with the stolen donkey and three camels. The lion rushed towards him, roaring till he fled; and gently led back the donkey and the camels, roaring in triumph. The lion, thus vindicated, lived on in honour till the abbot died, and then lay down on his grave and died also, of pure grief. This story was so popular that it came to be told also of the great Jerome in Bethlehem, with improvements. It seems to be independent of the story of Androcles, which begins the same way.

An Irish saint, Ciaran, kept a badger and a fox as companions. The fox stole the saint's sandals, and took them away into the woods to feast on them; but the badger sought it out and bit its ears till it returned to the monastery, and there did penance by voluntarily fasting till Ciaran commanded it to eat again. St. Moling also had a tame fox which fell from grace, and stole and ate a monastery hen. The man of God scolded it for it, so the fox made off to the nearest nunnery, stole a hen from there, and laid it alive at Moling's feet. But at Moling's command it took the hen back to the nunnery and deposited it there unharmed. Another of Moling's foxes made off with a book (of parchment, and therefore edible), but at a word from the saint he returned it intact. 'Not only did he never touch books again, but if anyone would show him a book in jest, he took to flight.'

In many of the stories, however, it is the saint who is good and kind, not the beast. St. Godric of Finchale in England was continually saving animals from hunters; and in winter he would look for small creatures suffering from the cold, and would carry them in his bosom till they were warmed again. St. Malo, in Normandy, took off his cloak one hot day, when he was working in his vineyard, and a wren laid her egg in it: he left the cloak there till she had hatched out her brood. And people noticed that so long as the cloak was so used, no rain fell upon it. St. Kevin in Ireland, during Lent, was praying in a little hut, with his hands stretched out through the window, and a blackbird laid her eggs in them. He stayed without moving till the young ones were fully hatched.

Our favourite story, however, is of St. Benno. He was accustomed to

meditate near a marsh, and found the croaking of the frogs a disturbance to him. With a word he commanded them to be silent. 'But when he had gone on a little way, he called to mind the saying in Daniel [the apocryphal Song of the Three Children, verses 57 and 59]: *O ye whales and all ye that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord. O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord.* And fearing lest the singing of the frogs might perchance be more agreeable to God than his own praying, he again issued his command to them, that they should praise God in their accustomed fashion: and soon the air and the fields were vehement with their conversation.'

J. R. M.

COLLEGE NOTES

There seem to be only two things calling for special notice at the present time. The first is the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Bingle, in the Rainy Hospital, Madras, on the 8th of November. The new creature has already been inspected by various experts, and generally pronounced satisfactory. He has all our good wishes.

The second matter is another story altogether. It is the unaccountable and most alarming failure in the supply of students' contributions to the Magazine. Very few manuscripts were submitted last term: we waited, and said nothing, hoping that time would remedy the matter. Time has done nothing of the kind, as yet; and this term there was even less grist for our mill. We promise that the Magazine Committee will devote to the problem all their attention before the next number is due.

NUMBERS IN COLLEGE

For some reason or other we failed in our last number to state the number of students on the rolls for 1935-36. The list is as follows. Post-graduate students are not included.

CLASS I

Group	1-A	57	234
"	1-B	28	
"	2	96	
"	3	53	

CLASS II

Group	1-A	50	185
"	1-B	17	
"	2	76	
"	3	42	

CLASS III

Group	1-B	25	160
"	2-B (*a*)	24	
"	2-B (*b*)	21	
"	2-E	36	
"	3	19	
"	4-A	35	

CLASS IV

Group	1-B	22	132
"	2-B (*a*)	18	
"	2-B (*b*)	22	
"	2-E	21	
"	3	20	
"	4-A	29	

B. Sc. III	11
B. Sc. IV	11

HONOURS 3

Branch	i	7	23
"	ii	4	
"	iii	4	
"	vi	8	

HONOURS 4

Branch	i	13	43
"	ii	4	
"	iii	3	
"	vi	13	
"	ii-A	8	
"	iii-B	2	

HONOURS 5

Branch	i	4	27
"	ii	4	
"	iii	8	
"	vi	11	

COLLEGE CHURCH

List of Preachers, Second Term, 1935-36:—

October 6 The Bishop of Madras.

October	13	The Rev. A. J. Boyd.
,,	20	The Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
,,	27	The Rev. J. R. Macphail.
November	3	The Rev. A. Silver.
,,	10	Mr. F. E. Corley.
,,	17	The Rev. S. D. Bawden.
,,	24	The Rev. Marcus Ward.
December	1	The Rev. Gordon Matthews.

There were Devotional services also on October 21 and on November 25. The first was conducted by Dr. Theodore, who was also preacher; the second was conducted by Mr. Bingle, and the preacher was the Rev. J. O. Cochran, of the Egmore Methodist Church.

OBITUARY

Just as we go to press we receive news of the death of Mr. J. P. Cotelingam, of Bellary. There is no time, unfortunately, to say more than a word. And yet more is not necessary. Mr. Cotelingam was well known in South India, within and also beyond his own district, his own profession, and his own community. We express our own sorrow at the loss of a very distinguished and very devoted 'old boy' of this College—it was only the other day, as it seems, that he presided at a 'College Day' celebration—and respectfully offer our sympathy to the bereaved family.

THE HOSTELS

RUNGIAH CHETTY HOSTEL

The thirtieth of September witnessed a gala day in the hostel. The Malayalis returning from their land of milk and honey and bananas brought a profuse abundance of the latter and their skins too. For a day or two, the teeth, bowels and, last but not least, the limbs of the members had a trying time. Luckily, nobody escaped to the General Hospital.

This term was rather novel in its features. It was all a matter of competition and rivalry, not only at books, or at the ping-pong table—or, for that matter, at the dinner-table. One day, when I had to be at the Central to receive a friend of mine, I got up at about six and approached the bath-room. To my surprise, there hove in sight a body of revellers in the bright electric light, like the fairies I was told of in my young days who haunt human habitations and make merry when all are asleep. I was told a competition was going on as to who would get up earliest and have his cold bath, and that these were the waiting list.

Another field of activity is the morning walk, or, to be more accurate, the race. Early one morning two members asked me whether one X.Y.Z. of our fold had been in the hostel last night, for it seems they met him running towards the hostel at 4 a.m. near the War Memorial. Yet another saunters to the Marina at dusk to drink in the beauty and splendour of the sunset and ..... It all reminds me of Thomas Gray.

On the whole the members are very studious this term. Perhaps the result of the pending Selection Examination or the effect of the weekly tests. The hostel terrace can well vie with the reading room of the British Museum described by Irving in his *Art of Book Making*.

A word about the R. C. H. Parliament. It is a sight worthy of a Baldwin or a Chamberlain to see our future politicians discussing topics like 'whether *pappadam* or *appalam* is more palatable?' or 'Should India get independence or not?'. We leave no stones unturned.

Messrs. K. C. Varadachari and K. P. Kumara Menon were respectively elected Librarian and Excursion Secretary in place of those who had left.

K. V. VIJAYARAGHAVAN,
Secretary.

THE STUDENTS' HOME

On the morning of the 30th of September, 1935, it seemed as if there was going to be a congregation at the Students' Home. Rickshaws and taxis came one after another and stopped in front of the building. All were welcomed. The sound of 'Good morning' was heard everywhere. Interesting conversations were going on.

All this bustle was caused by the members of the Students' Home returning after the vacation. All the members arrived at this place on the same day. Everyone was glad to meet his friends. But a few felt sorry that they had to wait long before they could once again go home

and have a nice chat with their beloved wives.

Now the senior students are preparing for the selection examination. All are working hard. But the junior students still continue going to the pictures.

We are glad to mention that one of our members, Mr. P. Subramanyam, has been selected as a Sub-Inspector of Police. We wish him a happy and a prosperous career.

This term a new game, chess, has been introduced in our hostel. We shall be having our tournaments in the indoor-games in a short time.

K. A. RAMAMOORTHY,
Secretary.

CAITHNESS HALL

The hostel re-opened on the 30th of September, after the Michaelmas Holidays. Some members wanted to enjoy some more days with their dear ones at home, and so they could be amongst us only after a week. They found this not to their advantage, for they were asked to pay fines for their absence from College. We had our usual duckings soon after we re-opened, and then we settled down to our work.

Deepavali has come and gone; so too the Selection Examination. The sick room was found to be popular when the Selection Examination was approaching. We are still having some members on the sick list. Our Secretary Appachu is in hospital after an operation for appendicitis. We pray for his speedy recovery.

We are looking forward to our Hostel Day coming off on the 23rd of November. We are busy making preparations for the same.

We hear Mr. Maribasviah is representing our College in the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Championships. We wish him good luck in his matches. Our congratulations to Corporal Ramanujam for the two stripes he won recently.

A. VASUDEVA MENON.

THE FENN HOSTEL

Life in our hostel this term, began with the usual enthusiasm and mirth.

You will be interested to know that the inter-hostel discussion group, under the auspices of the Christian Union, is getting on fine. Discussions are being conducted every Sunday. Mr. John Philip is a very earnest Secretary and Mr. Macnicol an 'ever-ready' and patient leader.

Special mention has to be made of our Sunday Service on the 10th November at 8 p. m. when Dr. Hensman spoke to us on 'The National Missionary Society and its work.'

It is with great sorrow that we report the death of Mr. B. K. Rama Rao, a former member of our hostel. He was a student of the junior intermediate class and was with us during the first term. He died of enteric in the second week of October, in his home at Ellore.

Our hostel tournaments have begun and we are fighting for the titles in ping-pong and carrom. Thanks to Mr. Chacko, the Sports Secretary, for the keen interest he is taking.

We intend arranging an excursion to P—(no, we will not tell you the place now and suffer your envy) in the beginning of January. Our Warden, Mr. Manikkam, is very enthusiastic about it and we are sure he is not going to say—'No, the monsoon will burst'.

ARTHUR RAJARATNAM,
Secretary.

THE SECOND STUDENTS' HOME

In spite of the threatening Selection Examination, our hostel activities during this term were no less lively than in the last. We went on a picnic to the Adyar which was at once delightful and exciting. Gandhi Jayanthi was celebrated in the hostel with amazing enthusiasm. The inception of the Hostel Debating Society and the organisation of a second 'Discussion Group' clearly indicate the keen interest we take in discussions and debates. We have also made a departure from the tradition of our hostel by deciding to celebrate the 'Hostel Day' towards the end of this term.

V. ABDULLA KUTTY,
Secretary.

COLLEGE PARK

Hensmanionism prevails a great deal in this hostel. One of our sane members inflicted with this malady came to the conclusion, that India needs him. He left his friends and his dear abode, went back to his village to uplift it. But he was too late, his father had already started the uplifting business and he had to return.

Thanks to our 'venerable Sar' and 'tutor', this movement has been checked and the followers of that movement are back again at their books.

Sports activities are in full swing and we hope to keep up the tradition in the next College Sports.

T. THARYAN,
Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER HALL

We have been happy and gay and all our Hall activities have been going on as usual. One of the members of our family left us at the beginning of this term and to fill that vacancy another has come.

About the close of the last term we went on a day's excursion to Tambaram. We are proud to mention the visit of His Grace the Metropolitan of India. Our Hall Day is coming off soon.

EDWIN SAMUEL,
General Secretary.

THE SOCIETIES

THE KARNATAKA SANGHAM

The first meeting of the Karnatak Bhashabhivradhi Sangham of our College was held on Friday the 23rd August at 4 p. m. in the Sanskrit Room, when H. Narayana Rao of Class IV read a paper on 'Comparative Study of the technique of Eastern and Western Dramas.' M. R. Ry. Benegal Rama Rao Avl., M. A., LL. B., Senior Translator to Government of Madras (retired), presided on the occasion. He observed that the Eastern dramas were more idealistic in tendency and Western dramas were more realistic. He pleaded for a judicious, harmonious combination of the two types. With a vote of thanks to the chair the meeting came to a close.

The following are the office-bearers elected for the year 1935-36.

H. Narayana Rao—*Secretary*
P. Ananda Rao—*Treasurer*

THE ANDHRA SANGHAMU

Under the auspices of the above Sangham the first of a series of lectures on 'Poetics' was delivered by Mr. T. Rajagopala Rau, B.A., L.T., M.R.A.S., on the 15th August 1935. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. T. Purnachandara Rao and Mr. M. Ramakrishnayya were elected as Class representatives for Classes II and I respectively. The second lecture of the above series was delivered on the 21st August. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. T. G. Narasimhappa was elected as joint Secretary. The third lecture was delivered on the 30th August 1935 There are some more lectures of the above series.

Arrangements are being made for enacting a drama 'Prathaparudhriyamu' in Telugu. It is hoped that the drama will be staged before the end of this term.

C. S. MALLIKARJUNAN,
Secretary.

THE MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Association was held on the 3rd of September, when the following were elected office-bearers for the year. Prof. L. N. Subrahmanyam, *President;* T. K. Ragavachari (Hons. 5), *Secretary; Class Representatives:* V. Ramasivan (Hons. 5), Sundara Kamath (Hons. 4), M. Sreeramulu (Class IV). 3rd Hons. and III Class were not represented at the meeting.

The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. R. Vaithianathaswami, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., on the 28th of October. He gave an interesting lecture on 'What is Mathematics?' Prof. Subrahmanyam of our College presided on the occasion.

It is hoped to arrange a good number of lectures before the year ends.

T. K. RAGHAVACHARI,
Secretary.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The various activities of the Union have been carried on as usual. The Study Circles met regularly and were

well attended. Devotional services were held on Thursday afternoons and the attendance in them was sometimes encouraging. With regard to social service the members of the Union have been co-operating with the Brotherhood.

The attention of the members is drawn to the Library of the Union and to the choir practices held on Friday afternoons. Gifts of books to the Library will be thankfully received.

Poonamallee Camp.—The annual camp of the Student Christian Movement was held in the second week of August at Poonamallee. This camp was more inviting because this was the first camp held after the amalgamation of the S. C. A. and the S. Y. W. C. A. and because the members were conscious that they were going to meet not as members of two separate associations but as members of one Movement. About twenty-five of the members of our Union were present at the camp.

'Christ in the Villages' was the theme of the camp. Dr. Paton of the Tirupatur Ashram was the main speaker. The devotional addresses were given by him. His great sacrifice for the sake of the Kingdom of God and his Christ-like simplicity were exemplary. He emphasised that any one who wants to do real rural re-construction work should surrender himself and his life to God. Mr. Sankaranarayana Ayyar spoke on the work he does among the poor in the city of Madras. His absolute faith in God and his entire dependence on His resources made a great impression. The supplementary speakers were: Dr. Olcott, Mr. Gopalakrishnan, and the Rev. A John.

The heart of India is in the villages and its future eminence and prosperity depend upon them. Rural re-construction is therefore necessary. So it was proper that Christian young men and women should be instructed in village conditions and be exhorted to do what they can, to uplift the villagers spiritually and socially. Here I should like to remind the members of the Union of the rural work done during summer vacation, every year.

M. SARGURUDOSS,
General Secretary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

We first met this term to select two speakers to be sent to the Annamalai University in answer to their kind invitation. K. P. Rangachari and T.C.A. Ramanujachari represented our college —and ably too. Our congratulations to Rangachari for the prize he got for the best speaking.

On the 9th October we held an ordinary debate when T. C. A. Ramanujachari moved that 'The World is Ruled by Ideas more than by Force.' S. Subramanian opposed but to no avail.

Two inter-collegiate debates were held this term against Loyola and Presidency Colleges. Against Loyola K. P. Rangachari of our college moved 'that in the opinion of the house Money is essential for Happiness.' Messrs. Bhaktavatsalu of our College and K. Sreedhar Rao and C. V. Suryanarayana of Loyola ably supported the opinion. The leader of the opposition was Mr. Manikkam from Loyola. Messrs. S. Ramanujam and Peter Paul Pandian of our College and J. Mohammad Ibrahim of Loyola were in his favour. Yet, the resolution was carried by a convincing majority.

'That in the opinion of the house, the uplift of the Harijans is best

achieved through mass-conversion.' This topical subject was discussed with the Presidency College representatives, and the motion was lost.

T. C. A. Ramanujachari, R. Bhaktavatsalu, Peter Paul Pandian, and K. P. Rangachari represented our College. Messrs. C. K. Sitharaman, T. V. Narasinga Rao, and P. L. Ramachandran came over from the Presidency College. Both the inter-collegiate debates were well attended and we parted better friends.

T. C. A. Ramanujachari and C. S. S. Thathachari took part in the inter-collegiate debate held under the auspices of the Presidency College Union.

C. S. S. Thathachari and K. P. Rangachari were sent to Pachaiappa's College for the inter-collegiate debate there.

More co-operation from the College authorities and the students is eagerly looked for.

A. P. RAMANUJAM,
Secretary.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on Friday the 23rd August, with Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon in the chair. The address was given by P. Damodaram, on 'Our responsibilities to the mother tongue'.

Onam Day Celebration. Onam Day was celebrated under the auspices of the Malayalee Association by the Malayalee students of the college with much enthusiasm, on Tuesday the 10th September, under the presidency of Mr. V. Unni Krishnan Nair (Income-tax Officer, Madras), an old boy of our College.

The proceedings commenced with a delightful party in typical Malabar style arranged in the College Hall. The rest of the function took place in the Anderson Hall. P. Damodaran, the president of the Debating Society, gave the welcome address, and after the president's introductory remarks, Mr. C. Achyutha Menon, B.A., University Reader for Malayalam, addressed the gathering on 'Annual festivals in Malabar.'

Then a humorous and delightful farce entitled 'Indu-Befooled' was most successfully staged. The president in his concluding remarks congratulated the actors on their skill in acting. Then the Malabar Boat Song (Vanchi Pattu) was sung by a group of students, in a realistic setting.

With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, the president of the Onam Day Committee, the function came to a close.

The first ordinary meeting of the Association was held on Wednesday the 16th October, with P. Damodaran of Class IV in the chair. K. Kesava Menon of Class III, and K. Velappan Pillay of Class IV, addressed the gathering on 'Customs, Ancient and Modern'.

On Friday, the 1st November, Mr. C. A. Satya Dev, the famous mono-actor from Malabar, addressed the Malayalee Association on 'Some poetic pictures in Malayalam literature.' Mr. Satya Dev also gave a beautiful recital with actions from the poetic works of Kumaran Asan and Vallathol.

I am glad to report that the Malayalee Association is very active this year.

K. K. MADHAVAN NAIR,
Secretary.

THE PHYSICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Association held three meetings, two in the last term and one

this term. Dr. Gandhekar delivered the inaugural lecture. Mr. E. Barnes delivered a lecture on 'Valency and Crystalline Structure', and Mr. V. A. Ponniah, an old boy of the College, delivered a lecture on 'Physics as applied in the Institute of Radiology'.

The meetings were well attended by students as well as members of the staff, and the speeches delivered were all highly instructive and of absorbing interest.

M. BHARATHAN,
Secretary.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Our excursion to Vandalur: One of the finest excursions we had this year was the one to Vandalur with Mr. Sabhesan. We enjoyed it thoroughly seeing a typical scrub-jungle vegetation there. We observed some plants like *Zizyphus jujuba* and *Euphorbia*, and also some Liverworts, such as *Riccia* etc., the latter on account of the rains just prior to our excursion.

We intend going on an excursion to a more distant and interesting spot, very shortly.

G. P. SAKTHIDHARAN,
Secretary.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was given by Mrs. M. Hensman, M. A., on Thursday, 5th September, 1935. Mr. G. C. Martin, M. A., was in the chair. In the course of her illuminating address on 'The place of Phantasy in Life and Literature', Mrs. Hensman said that literature is a reflection of life, and recounted interesting illustrations to substantiate her statement. She also emphasized the importance of poetic illusion in everyday life.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on Monday, 14th October, with Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A., in the chair, when P. T. Benjamin of Honours 4 gave some 'Reflections, on Life' drawn mainly from literature.

We are eager that inter-collegiate fixtures should form part of our activities this year, and much effort is being put in that direction.

P. T. BENJAMIN,
Secretary.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION

The first meeting for the election of the office-bearers was held rather late in the first term and so we were not able to hold more than one meeting during the first term.

The inaugural meeting was held on the 4th September, when Mr. S. Samuel, M.A., spoke on 'The Philosophic Attitude'. The meeting came to a close with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

With the reopening of the second term we tried to put our resolution of holding at least one meeting a fortnight into practice but it proved a failure. We hope the action of the second term will be followed by the reaction of the third term and thus put our resolution into effect.

C. INDER MOHAN,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

We have been having quite a successful season so far this term. Our first inter-collegiate league fixture was with the Veterinary College and we defeated them by 5 goals to 1, in spite of the fact that nine out of the eleven Veterinary men, were Burmese. Some of our players have not recovered from the injuries inflicted upon them by the 'hard and heavy boots' of the Burmese. Our next fixture was with Pachaiyappa's, and we drew with them—2 goals all. Our College 'Blues' were not in form that day—rather they were over-confident, and it is really a pity that we drew with such a weak team. We played only one practice match this term, and that was with the Law College whom we beat by 4 goals to 1. These are the matches we have played so far this term and we have only a few more fixtures before the Inter-Collegiate league tournament comes to an end.

The Professor's Cup tournament conducted by the Presidency College has not commenced yet. We have got every chance of winning the cup with a little more method in the forward line. We have had just a couple of practice games so far this term, since some of the practices had to be cancelled owing to the heavy showers. The cause for our poor show in the league tournament is that the players did not take sufficient interest in the game. I hope that all the players will make it a point to attend every practice during the remaining part of the year.

We are very glad to have J. A. David back again with us after his recent operation.

Victor D. Mantramurti,
Captain.

TENNIS CLUB

This year the Inter-Collegiate tournament was held in our College courts. In singles our player B. Maribasviah came up to semi-finals in which he gave a tough fight to the Medical team. But in doubles we were beaten in the first round. The lack of experience and our not having P. N. Bal in our team at that time were the reasons for losing in doubles. Bal was not able to participate in the tournament because of ill-health.

In the Stanley Cup tournament Bal was defeated in the second round and Maribasviah in the first round. We hope to do well in the Duncan tournament in which Maribasviah is representing us in singles and Bal and Maribasviah in doubles.

Our College tournament will be played in this term. A great number of entries have been received already. We hope to witness bright tennis.

R. Sankaralingam,
Secretary.

VOLLEY BALL

Although at the beginning of the year we expected the standard of our Volley Ball Club to improve, it is disappointing to note that the standard has become very low. This is due not only to the negligence

of the players but also to the lack of taste for the game in our College in general. We find men voluntarily coming forward to play other games, but the Volley Ball players never turn up even if they are incessantly summoned.

Our association entered the league tournament at the beginning of the first term. Many of the teams whom we had to meet did not turn up, probably because they were frightened of us. Out of the very few matches we played we came out successful in only one, the rest being lost merely because of the lack of trained players. Unless our players take a special interest in this game, the endeavour to attain a higher standard will be futile. We hope to make better progress in the future.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. C. A. Abraham and Mr. R. S. Macnicol for their participation and encouragement.

S. M. SHEIKH MOHIADEEN,
Captain.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE TOURNAMENTS

At the time of writing, only three matches remain to be played, one in each game: at cricket, with the Teachers' College; at football and hockey, with the Government Muhammadan College. Here are the other results:—

Opponents	Cricket	Hockey	Football
Loyola	D	D, 0-0	L, 0-2
Engineers	W, 78-49	L, 1-4	L, 1-4
Medicals	L, by 8 wkts.	L, 0-7	L, 2-5
Veterinary	W, by 45 and 1 wkt.	...	W, 5-0
Y.M.C.A.	L, by 39	...	D, 2-2
Pachaiyappa's ...	L, by 44	D, 0-0	D, 2-2
Presidency	L, by 9 wkts.	L, 0-1	L, 2-6
Teachers	(Not yet played)	W, 4-2	W, 8-2
Medical School ...	...	W (W.O.)	L, 2-4
Technology	...	...	W, 2-1
Muhammadans ...	...	(Not yet played)	(Not yet played)

NOTES ON OUR EXCHANGES

The Elphinstonian, Elphinstone College, Bombay—October 1935.

This issue of *The Elphinstonian* is most entertaining. There are a few articles of literary interest which are admirably written, and which satisfy the Neo-Classic ideal of combining pleasure with instruction.

In the short essay 'What is Poetry' the writer, as is natural to expect, keeps to the beaten path and has nothing new to tell us; yet it is well-written. In another article 'The Social Background of Elizabethan Literature'—at least a part of it—has been portrayed. The lighter as well as the darker sides of Elizabethan life and society have been observed by the writer. We cannot agree with the statement that Shakespeare has 'for the most part produced works wherein the hard realities of life are softened in an atmosphere of dreamy idealism and pastoral simplicity'. It may be true if we are to look at the Shakespeare of the Romances or some of the sunny comedies, but it is neither in the Romances nor in the lesser comedies that the essential and credible Shakespeare is to be seen. The Shakespeare of the tragedies is Shakespeare at his best; and in the tragedies he is not softening the hard realities of life 'in an atmosphere of dreamy idealism, and pastoral simplicity'. He is analysing human nature—mercilessly and relentlessly analysing human faults and frailties. Fortunately there is a saving phrase 'for the most part', but it is too weak a fortress to protect the essentially erroneous statement.

The essays on 'Thackeray and Esmond' and 'Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century European Literature' are both carefully written and are both interesting. 'The Inevitable' is a short story which is well conceived and vividly written. The reader is held by suspense as he reads the story, and the ending is ingenious. In contrast to 'The Inevitable' is the dull attempt 'How the Tactics of a College Boy Failed'. 'An Adventure in the Dark' even as its title indicates is a thrilling narration.

The Magazine on the whole keeps a high standard.

The Lingaraj College Miscellany, Belgaum—September 1935.

The *Miscellany* presents a miscellaneous fare. The articles range in scope and tone from the light essay 'On Lying' to 'The Origin of Life and the Nature of Living Matter'. Ne'er-do-Well is an ardent advocate of lying. To him lying is an art.

'In short, if there ever were a soul of good in things evil, it is in lying. Else that fellow should have been hanged who debauched our children with this pink of perversion.

'The cow jumped over the moon
And the dish ran off with the
spoon'.

Again, 'There is no escaping the fact that the world is a May, and we cannot choose but lie.'

In 'The Art of Debating' Mr. A. M. Khan gives very clear and wise advice to boys who aspire to become debaters. We are reminded of one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son which concludes with the words, 'The graces, the graces, remember the graces'

Among other things in the Miscellany must be mentioned the 'Three Poems' which are short and lively: also some of the exquisite pieces included in 'Our Poet's Corner'. The Miscellany is, on the whole, a 'limited perfection'.

The Malabar Christian College Magazine, Calicut—October 1935.

This magazine is youthful in tone, and may with propriety be called, 'Boys' Own Magazine'. This time all the contributions make pleasant reading. 'Our Hostel Excursion', 'A Fortnight in Rameswaram', and 'A Trip to Ooty' are interesting as descriptions of out-door trips. 'Memory of Other Days' seems to be written with imagination and feeling.

Among the many good articles in Malayalam, the beautiful poem 'To the Koil' needs special mention.

Ewing Christian College Magazine, Allahabad—September 1935.

Though many of the articles deal with subjects only too often discussed, the Ewing Christian College Magazine is fairly readable—at any rate, better than the previous issue. 'The Place of Co-education in the System of Indian Education', 'The Defects in the Present System of Education and a Few Remedies', 'The Caste-system', 'India's national tongue? Hindi'—all these are hackneyed subjects and cannot be endured unless there is something to relieve the tedium.

'John Kepler: his life and works' and 'Einstein's Theory, a popular account', are useful essays and are readable. 'Sree Sumitra Nandan Pant and his Poetry' and 'My Love of Poetry' are two relieving features in the Magazine.

Dr. J. C. Manry gives a useful 'Book Information Test' intended to examine the reader's acquaintance with modern literature. Here are a few model questions:—

'Is Becky Sharp in one of Thackeray's novels and did Jane Eyre write *Pride and Prejudice*?

'A play called *Caponsacchi* was made from Byron's poem, *The Ring and the Book*.'

The Hindi and Urdu sections are Greek to us. Perhaps there are hidden treasures therein—gems of purest ray serene—which we cannot see and admire.

Nowrosjee Wadia College Miscellany, Poona—September 1935.

High tribute must be paid for the variety of subjects, the beautiful order in which they are arranged and the genial tone of the Miscellany as a whole. To resort to the oft-used term, the 'get-up' of the magazine is praiseworthy.

The essay 'What Philosophy is *Not*' is very lucid and interesting. The Italio-Abyssinian tension has been very clearly explained in the opening article and we are sure it will be useful to many who are only aware of the fact that something is happening in Abyssinia, but do not know the exact nature of the situation. Ernest Fernandez discusses the subject 'Is India over-populated?' and concludes thus:—

'India can perhaps without difficulty cater for the needs of a people twice as large as the present. The right remedy for her poverty is not a smaller population, but a larger, more efficient and up-to-date production, and better and more equitable distribution.'

The essay on Lawrence of Arabia is also interesting, and the treatment

is original. 'Our Literary Salad' is a pleasing dish. 'A Scene of Beauty and Terror' is described with vividness and depth of feeling.

Of the French and Marathi sections, we cannot say anything. But by the principle of analogy, they must be entertaining.

The Murray College Magazine.— November 1935.

This is a lively piece of work and contains a number of good articles.

Mr. Shahid's style is specially agreeable. He is a pleasing moralist in his Editorial—though it is doubtful if his college fellows will like him to continue as their spokesman. His short story 'A Silent Witness' is very interesting.

'The Sorrows of a Fat Man' is an amusing story of woe, and we could have had a hearty laugh, were it not for the fat man's melancholy entreaty 'I am not exposing my secrets to be laughed at, but to be sympathised—If you have no heart to sympathise, then for God's sake do not laugh at my true story.'

We give our good wishes to Mr. M. D. Bhatti's earnest endeavours to impress his readers with the importance of co-education. But we may suggest that his ideal class where 'believing men .... cast down their eyes and .... believing women .... do the same' is hardly worth aspiring for.

Mr. Sharma's Editorial Chat has been interesting to us though we wonder if Mr. Mystic, Mr. Tragedy and the rest of them will not hereafter begin to cherish ill-feelings towards the spectator, in actual life.

The vernacular sections of the magazine are all Greek to us, and we pass over them in silence.

St. John's College Magazine, Agra.— September 1935.

This is a grave old Puritan. Even Mr. K. C. P.s' 'Full Many a Gem' does not greatly relieve the reader. It is all too academical.

Mr. O. H. Charles' 'Nature and I' is a true record of the reaction of many a thoughtful mind to the haunting sounds that break the holy silence of midnight: the chirping of birds on a lovely morning and all thoughts on it, lead him to the contemplation of the Creator.

We agree with Mr. Fazluddin when he asserts 'that it is the spirit of adventure that gives our life a colour and flavour agreeable and lasting', but we would like to see a little more 'colour and flavour' in his otherwise good article. Mr. P. C. A. who writes on the 'Kaleidoscope' is a good geographer but we wish he had not attempted to be funny in the stale old introduction to his serious stuff. 'From Agra to Cape Comorin' is an interesting and useful guide to travellers.

On the whole, the magazine is an encyclopaedia of information in geography, history, politics, zoology, bio-chemistry, medicine and what not, and we recommend it for the careful use of earnest students.

The Pachaiyappa's College Magazine, Madras, October, 1935.

This magazine contains some fairly good articles, though a good half of it is devoted to annual reports.

Mr. T. S. Nataraja Pillai's 'My Message to the Students' is an appeal to students 'to work hard and unceasingly' and to establish a good tradition in the college. The Principal's 'The Heart of Hinduism' is a highly religious article in which the

essentials of Hindu philosophy are clearly expressed.

In 'Browsings in our book-land' Mr. N. Chengalvarayan puts forward a learned plea for the greater use of the library by students. The last sentences, 'No other College provides so excellent or so varied a fare for them in their libraries' is very happily relieved by 'in my estimation' at the end. Probably the writer may grow wiser if he visits the libraries of other Colleges also.

'A Pachaiyappa Boy' is an appeal to students of the College to live true to the idelas of their alma mater. It is in the form of a story, and considering its main purpose, it is very well worked out.

Mr. P. R. Vijayarangan has tried with moderate success to provide comic relief at intervals. In certain cases, however, the writer ought to have explained and revealed the humour of his jokes himself.

The Scottish Church College Magazine, Calcutta,—September 1935.

The essay on Bernard Shaw is a bold and vigorous piece of criticism of Shaw the man, the critic and the dramatist. Bernard Shaw has been viewed in the same manner as he himself views others. Many of the other articles are of literary and scientific interest. In the discussion 'What is Modern War?' the horrors of modern warfare have been impressively brought out. 'An idea of justice and nobility is inextricably mixed in the word "war"—which has disappeared at the present moment..... Some new definition is required to suit the changed outlook.'

'Evolution', 'Science and Humanity', 'Molecular Structure and Raman Radiation', are also given a lucid treatment. In the article 'Why study civics?' the writer remarks:—'First of all, the country must be freed from mental paralysis, superstitions and social evil, and freedom will come of itself. Freedom is not like a golden apple to be secured by physical force and preserved in an iron chest so that nobody can run away with it.'

There are besides, many other fairly good essays and a few poems.

Excelsior, St. Berchman's College Magazine, Chenganacherry.

Though this number contains articles on a variety of subjects, the most relieving and the most interesting are the two short stories, 'The Diamond Cuff-Links' and 'The Dictionary'. Both of them are very well planned and equally well written. 'Our Educated Unemployed', 'The Banking System in India', and 'The Problem of Unemployment', are all grave essays and certain parts of them are even dull.

'Travel by Rail' expresses the wonder and bewilderment of a young man who is boarding a railway-train for the first time. It is interesting in its own way. Here are a few slices from the account, which, we hope, will be relished:—

'The amount (that I paid for the ticket) was greater than the scheduled fare. But why shouldn't I pay so much? Parents earn for their sons to lavish. Moreover, I had heard that when travelling, I should carry myself honourably among the people, and somebody had told me that one of the means of carrying myself honourably was to spend money right and left.'

Again—'I found many benches unoccupied. I sat on one of them and tried to occupy the whole of it,

for I thought that one bench was for one passenger and as I had paid for one bench, I must occupy the whole of it. For this, I had to stretch my legs and sit in such a position as that of a mother when she has her child in her lap.'

The P. R. College Magazine, Cocanada—Michaelmas, 1935.

In the English section of the magazine, the most outstanding article is 'Wordsworth and his Appeal to the Indian Mind', a College Extension Lecture by Mr. Binoybhushan Rakshit, M.A. The treatment of the subject is exhaustive and illuminating. We shall quote the lecturer himself:—

'The lofty idealism breathed through the poetry of Wordsworth, his recognition of an indwelling and all-pervading spirit in Nature, his attitude of adoration and even, at times, of deification of Nature's aspects, his realization of the inalienable bond of kinship between the human soul and the various sights and sounds of Nature, his perception of the spirit of joy in all creation—are in short among the noblest sentiments that English poetry has ever given vent to. It is these sentiments which, among other things, bring Wordsworth in close kinship with our hearts, and we recognise such deep chords of sympathy between his mind and ours, we feel such a near affinity to him in thought and sentiment, that in reading and appreciating Wordsworth, we Indians do no longer look upon him as a Western poet standing oceans apart from us, but as a truly Eastern prophet and mystic; nay a veritable Indian *sage* revealing to us that ecstasy of God-vision which springing from the hoary *Rishis* of old and running through the currents of mysticism of the myriads of our medieval saints, has still kept up its vital flow in poets like Tagore, fertilising and enriching the mind of modern India.'

'My first experience of Cricket' and 'My Adventure with the Hat' are light and humorous. The Telugu section is considerable in bulk and perhaps good in quality also.

The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam—September 1935.

The get-up of this number is satisfactory and the numerous photographs lend attractiveness to the magazine. Ray's article on 'Universities Mixed and Unmixed' makes strange reading. His conclusion that the first mixed University existed in India, is hardly convincing. And of residential Universities, he makes bold to say that they are 'things of the past, which at best only deserve to be "preserved" like wild game in Tanganiyka or the Red Indian in Canada.' The passage in which he attempts to give us an insight into student-life in the ancient continental Universities, is exceedingly interesting. 'They drank deep, swore hard, kept mistresses, fought duels, and in general, struck terror in the hearts of the gentle damsels who preferred to peep at them from behind barred windows than share lecture-rooms with them at the University.'

'The Economic Life in Federal India' by Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy, is at once interesting and informative. Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon's plea for the constitution of a Pan-Kerala University is emphatic and eloquent. In the story entitled 'The Interrupted Melody' Tey Key Bey—no doubt, a fascinating name—narrates to us the

episode of his first love. 'Love Never Dies' is a tame and long-drawn-out story which makes the reader bored stiff. This issue of the Magazine is certainly a true record of all the academic, social and athletic activities of the college during the first term.

OTHER COLLEGE MAGAZINES RECEIVED

Jaffna College Miscellany, September 1935.
Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle, October 1935.
St. Paul's College Magazine, Calcutta, Silver Jubilee Number.
The Presidency College Magazine, Madras, Silver Jubilee Number.
The Ceded Districts College Magazine, Anantapur, November 1935.
The Judsonian, Judson College, Rangoon.
The Lucknow Collegian, Lucknow Christian College Magazine.

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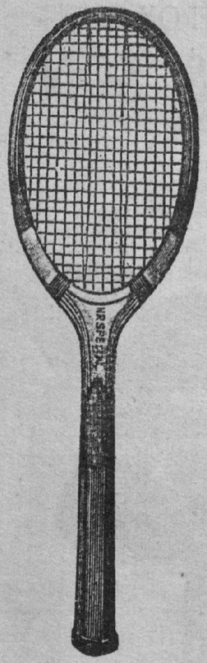

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